

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 744



MARCH 1, 1884

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

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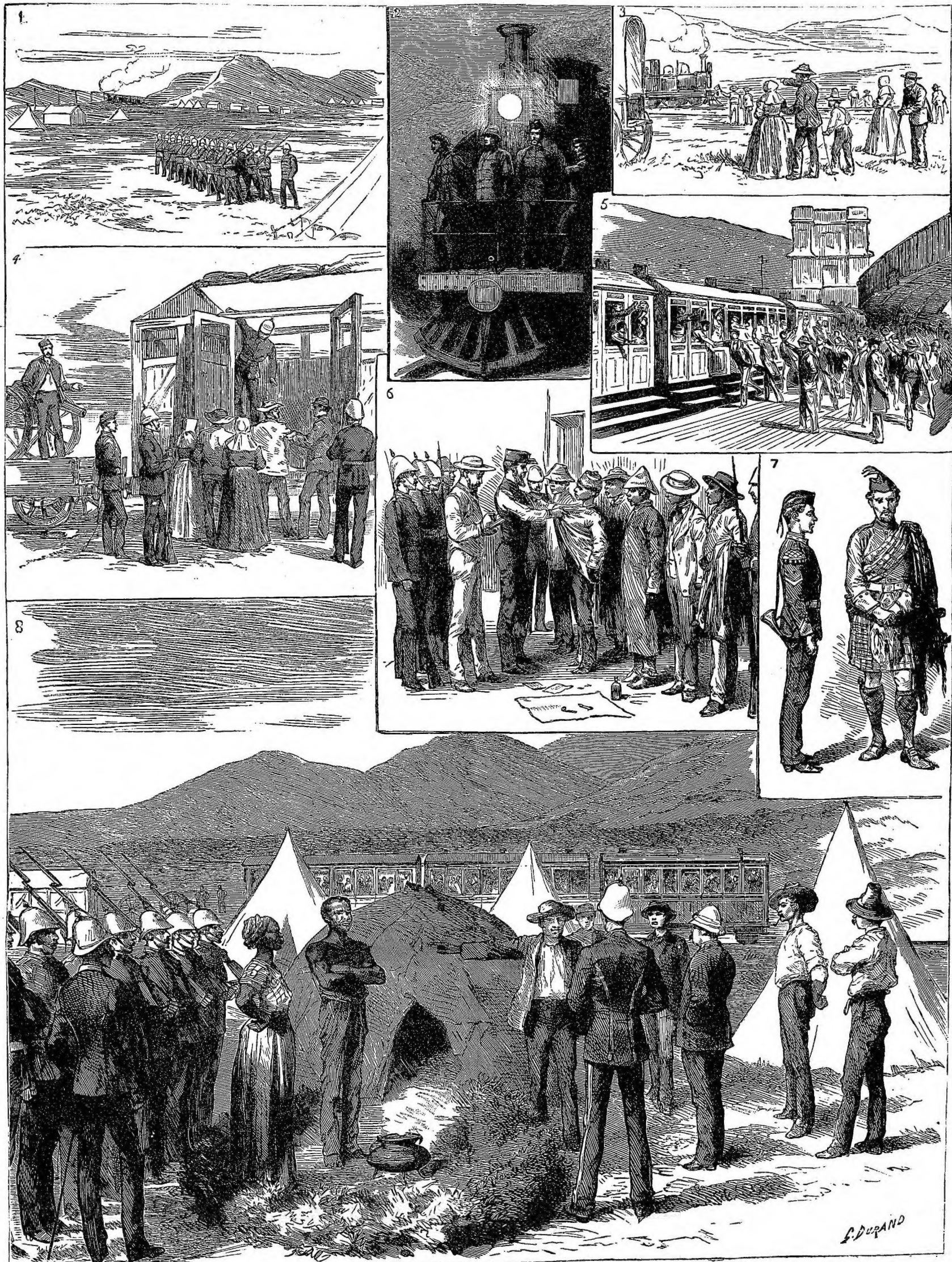
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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1884

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



1. The De Aar Railway Extension.—2. Coming Down Hex River Mountain on the Engine on a Moonlight Night.—3. A Boer Family's First Sight of "Puffing Billy."—4. Leaving De Aar—Removing Ring-Leaders to a Cattle Truck.—5. Volunteers Off to the Front.—6. Searching Prisoners at Beaufort West Gaol.—7. The Musical Part of the Expedition.—8. Arresting Zulus on the Line.

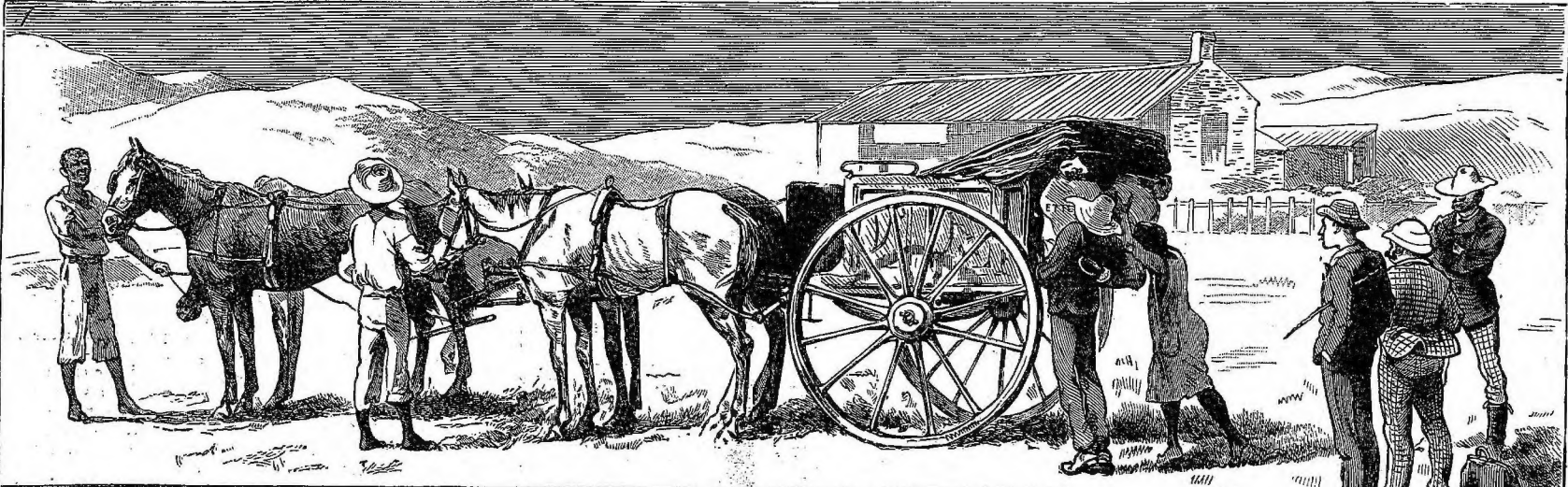
THE DE AAR EXPEDITION, SOUTH AFRICA



EXTERIOR VIEW, SHOWING THE DAMAGE TO THE STATION OF THE BRIGHTON LINE

THE WRECKED CLOAK ROOM SEEN FROM THE BOOKING-OFFICE

THE DISASTROUS EXPLOSION AT VICTORIA STATION



1. A Sorry Team.—2. A Good Team on the Road.

POST-CART TRAVELLING IN SOUTH AFRICA



DALL GIVEN BY THE TROOPERS OF THE SECOND LIFE GUARDS AT ST. JAMES'S HALL

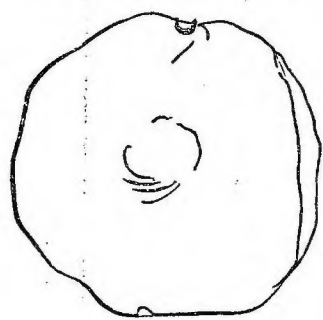
this fort with considerable difficulty, and, on being put in position, the infantry occupied the earthwork, and the cavalry withdrew to Trinkitat. My sketch represents Baker Pasha and his staff returning to Trinkitat in the evening, when the earthwork was finished, the sun was just setting, and the party entering the shallow still water of the lagoon."

THE FIRST SHOT

"This sketch," writes Major Giles, "represents the first shot fired by the Egyptian force when they moved out from Trinkitat on the 4th. About an hour after the force was defeated, and in full retreat."

PANORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF TEB

"As you may imagine," writes Major Giles, on February 5th, "all is confusion here, and I have only time to forward you some pencil sketches. The papers will have given you detailed accounts of the disaster of which the following is a short summary:—



Shield

"On the night of the 3rd February Baker Pasha's force encamped at an earthwork (shown in a preceding sketch) that had been thrown up the previous day, on the further side of the lagoon which lies between Trinkitat and the mainland.

"On the morning of the 4th, the column moved in the direction of Tokar. In front skirmishers and their supports of Arab cavalry. Then Baker Pasha and his staff. Behind him the Turkish cavalry, guns, and Egyptian infantry, with the baggage and camels brought up the extreme rear.

"Everything that good management could do was done by General Baker. We marched in good order, with every military precaution observed.

"About two miles had been covered when scouting parties of the enemy appeared in the extreme distance. A Krupp gun was

THE EXPLOSION AT VICTORIA STATION

At three minutes past one on Tuesday morning a destructive explosion took place at the Victoria Station of the London, Brighton, and South Coast, and London, Dover, and Chatham Railways. Most fortunately it occurred after the departure of the latest night trains from Victoria. As it was, a railway-shunter crossing the cabenclosure which fronts the Station was lifted into the air and dashed down to the ground, and a sergeant of police, on duty near the doorway, was hurled into a doorway.

The explosion announced itself by a noise as of the discharge of artillery, followed by that of the crash of the roof of the station, and of glass in every direction. The scene was illuminated by the flames of the gas which issued from the pipes broken by the explosion, and which would have completed the destruction begun by it had not the fire-hose been in readiness to play upon the flames until the arrival of the brigade. The booking-office, the waiting-room, and the cloak-room of the London and Brighton Station were a mass of ruins. While so much of this as covered the space occupied by the luggage of the cloak-room was being cleared away, under the eyes of Colonel Majendie, Colonel Ford, and Sir F. Abel, several hexagonal tins, with small funnels, and containing something like sawdust, were found, along with fragments of bottles wrapped in zinc, and pieces of shattered metal. These tins were at first supposed to have contained the dynamite, but were afterwards found to be filled with "patent malt." The explosion was in all probability effected by some form of dynamite, since the nitro-glycerine compounds exert a most destructive influence vertically—as was the case in this instance, the very beams forming the floor-joists having been disturbed—which is not a resultant of an explosion caused by gas or gunpowder.

This is the theory of the origin of the explosion which was accepted by the experts present, and it is confirmed by the statement of a cloak-room porter that at half-past eight on the previous evening a person deposited among the left luggage a very heavy package, along with lighter articles, specially cautioning him to be careful about the heavy package, and not to place other luggage on it. Other luggage, however, was placed on it, and the package is supposed to have contained the explosive, and to have been left at the cloak-room by some member of the dynamitard gang by which the Kingdom is infested.

POST-CART TRAVELLING IN SOUTH AFRICA

The first sketch depicts the post-cart being loaded up preparatory to its start of a drive of 360 miles from Kei Road (near King William's Town), in the Cape Colony, to Durban, in Natal. The passengers look ruefully on while the mail bags are piled into the cart. Their own baggage is then strapped on behind, after which they and the post-cart driver take their seats. They have a sorry team, and a drive of eighteen miles has to be accomplished before a new one is obtained. What with bad roads—possibly swollen rivers—nothing to hold on by, driving at night, a possible upset, and a quick pace throughout, it is not a cheery prospect for the artist, who has only to go to Umtata, less than half way to Natal.—The second sketch shows "A Good Team on the Road," being toiled by Solomon, a famous driver, whose driving is truly like that of "the son of Nimshi."

—Our engravings are from sketches by

Captain E. Giles, R.A.

LIFE GUARDS' BALL AT ST. JAMES'S HALL

The annual ball given by the troopers of the Second Life Guards was held at St. James's Hall on Friday, the 15th of February. The company numbered about 350, including representatives from the First Life Guards, Royal Horse Guards, Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry, London Irish Rifles, &c., and several officers of the Second Life Guards.

The company sat down to an excellent supper, and both in the ball room and supper room the effect of the variety of uniforms, together with the dresses of the ladies, made a pretty and brilliant sight. Dancing was kept up until about 5.30 A.M.

THE ICE CARNIVAL AT MONTREAL

This time-honoured carnival at Montreal opened on February 4, with brilliant weather and an immense attendance. The great feature of the day was the reception of Lord and Lady Lansdowne, who were met at the station by the Mayor and the members of the City Council, a military escort, and thousands of the citizens, and greeted with the greatest heartiness and enthusiasm. The most impressive scene was at the Snowshoes' living arch in St. James Street West. This was a huge structure of evergreens spanning the entire roadway, and constructed with pedestals, at every point upon which stood members of the Snowshoe and Tobogganing Clubs in their brilliant costumes. Upon the top of the arch stood a solid mass of nearly 100 men towering fifty feet above the ground, and so grouped that their heads formed a gigantic beehive. On either side of this were immense shields composed of snowshoes and toboggans, surrounded with members holding the flags of all nations. On the fronts of both sides of the archway steps were arranged in the form of a St. Andrew's Cross, and on these stood other members. Over the opening of the arch was the word "Welcome" spelled in different-sized snowshoes, and Lord Lansdowne's motto was displayed upon cross toboggans. Members were arranged in artistic groupings of different coloured costumes, and the general result was a grand *tableau vivant*. When the reception was over the sports of the Carnival began with great zeal. In the evening the Ice Palace, a beautiful structure, with castellated spires and battlements, and the central tower eighty feet high, was illuminated by the electric light. Dominion Square was crowded with people awaiting the spectacle. Lord Lansdowne and his party had a fine view from the balcony of the Union Hotel. Like a flash of lightning the whole structure became aglow with lights of all varieties and colour. Suddenly the main tower became a flood of red light, the west tower blue, the east remaining white, representing the three national colours. Then from all sides sprang showers of rockets and fireworks of all descriptions, and the admiration of the spectators found expression in one tremendous roar of cheers.

AFGHAN WAR MEMORIALS

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, COLABA, BOMBAY, was built as a Memorial of all those who died in Afghanistan and Sind during the years 1838-43, and Special Memorials of officers who died in the late campaign (1879-1881), as well as a General Memorial of the Bombay Army engaged in it, have now been erected in the church, which is the garrison church of the European troops stationed in Bombay.

The General Memorial (which we engrave from a photograph by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, kindly forwarded to us by the Rev. C. F. H. Johnston, Chaplain of Colaba), consists of an arcade of nine arches running along the eastern wall of the nave. The names of the officers are inscribed on nine polished white marble panels, between the pillars, which are of red Aberdeen granite; along the top of the panels are red and grey marble (quatrefoil) inlays, and the heads of the arches consist of Minton's unglazed red tiles, with carved stone bosses.

Besides this General Memorial, there are in the church several Special Memorials, such as that of the 19th Regiment Bombay Native Infantry; that of thirteen officers, erected by their

friends; and that of the Brethren of the Guild of the Holy Standard. Seven of these latter were private soldiers, one (the Rev. G. M. Gordon) was a clergyman of the Church Missionary Society.

All these Memorials were designed by Mr. Butterfield, who superintended their execution in England, as native workmen are not at present equal to the finish required in this style of work.

THE INDIAN EDUCATION COMMISSION

THIS Commission was appointed by the Viceroy on February 3, 1882, to review the progress of education in India since the issue of the celebrated despatch from the Court of Directors, No. 49 of July 19, 1854, to ascertain how far the orders contained in that masterly and comprehensive despatch, and in those which followed it, had been carried out in the various provinces of India, exclusive of Burma, and to suggest measures for the further development of the policy laid down therein. The Commission held its first general session in Calcutta in February and March, 1882. It has collected voluminous evidence from all parts of India, and received a vast mass of addresses and statements. In every province of the Empire it has been received with unusual excitement by the native populations, who are deeply interested in the result of its deliberations. In December, 1882, it re-assembled in Calcutta, and, after adopting a great number of recommendations for incorporation in its final report, it dissolved in the middle of March, 1883, leaving five of its members at Simla to assist the President in drawing up the Report.

This Report reached this country last month. 193 witnesses were examined, and 323 memorials received from different parts of India. "Seldom," says the *Times*, "have 600 pages been employed in recording such little fresh matter, and so many discordant views and opinions." And the conclusion of the same journal is, "The Report is intended as a compromise, and probably does not reflect the true convictions even of its authors. It will only be allowed to pass without serious opposition on the assumption that it will not lead to any serious outlay of the funds of India."

The building in the background is part of the Museum in which the recent International Exhibition was held. The President of the Commission is Mr. Hunter, the well-known author of several books on India, and the compiler of the Imperial Gazetteer. He is sitting in the middle of the table in the centre of the group. His colleagues number twenty, exclusive of the Secretary to the Commission, Mr. Rice. Eight of them are employed in the Department of Public Instruction in various parts of India. Mr. Pearson represents the Punjab; Professor Deighton the North-West provinces; Mr. Croft and the Hon. Babu Bhude Mukerjee, Bengal; Mr. Browning, the Central Provinces, Mr. Jacob, Bombay; and Mr. Fowler and Mr. Ranganada Mudliar, Madras. Four represent the general administration, and are members of the civil service. They are Mr. Barbour, Secretary to the Government of India, Mr. Howell, from the Central Provinces, Mr. Lee-Warner, from Bombay, and Mr. Ward, from the North-West. The missionary cause is represented by the Rev. W. R. Blackett, of the Church Missionary Society; the Rev. W. Miller, the well-known Principal of the Madras Christian College; and the Rev. Dr. Jean, of the Jesuit's College, Negapatam, now removed to Travancore. The native community is represented by the Maharaja Sir Jotendro Mohan Tajore, K.C.S.I., who unfortunately does not appear in the photograph, and Mr. Bose, a barrister of Calcutta, Mr. Kashinath T. Telang, a barrister of Bombay, Haji Ghulam Hasan, whose conspicuous figure shows that he is a native of the Punjab, and Saïad Mahomed, who was lately acting as a Judge of the High Court of Allahabad.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, of Calcutta.

"DOROTHY FORSTER"

A NEW STORY, by Walter Besant, illustrated by Charles Green, is continued on page 209.

PÆSTUM AND SICILY

See page 211.



WHEN PRESENTING A PETITION to the House of Lords some time ago in favour of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, the Prince of Wales accompanied a statement of its prayer with a few remarks of his own, but his first speech as a Peer was that which he delivered last week in support of Lord Salisbury's motion for the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the housing of the poor. It is said that when the Prince recently paid a visit to some of the most wretched tenements in the Holborn and adjacent districts it was so well arranged that no suspicion of his rank was aroused, and His Royal Highness, and Lord Carrington and Dr. Buchanan, who accompanied him, were mistaken for sanitary inspectors.

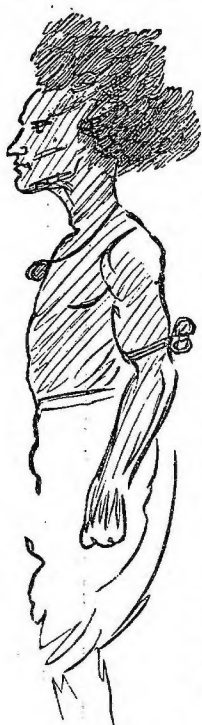
"VISCOUNT HAMPDEN OF GLYNDE," in the county of Sussex, will, it is stated, be the style and dignity of the ex-Speaker when raised to the Peerage. Sir Henry Brand is heir-presumptive to the Barony of his brother, Lord Dacre.

THE NEW TRANSVAAL CONVENTION was signed on Wednesday by Sir Hercules Robinson and the delegates of what is henceforth to be called the South African Republic. A debt of a quarter of a million sterling to the British Government is acknowledged, and is to be paid off by instalments, extending over twenty-five years. The Government of the Republic pledges itself not to tolerate slavery, or apprenticeship partaking of slavery. No treaty with any foreign State or native tribe is to be concluded by the Republic without the approval of Her Majesty. The British Government and that of the Republic are to exercise a joint protectorate over a portion of Bechuanaland, and in this the Rev. J. Mackenzie is to be British Resident.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION has received the adhesion of 110 members of Parliament of all shades of political opinion. More than half of the number are Liberals, moderate and advanced.

THE SHIPWRIGHTS' COMPANY presented to Lady John Manners, at the Mansion House on Saturday, a marble bust of her husband, in recognition of his services as Master during the International Exhibition of Shipping two years ago at Fishmongers' Hall. Lady John Manners expressed her thanks for the gift in a graceful and touching reply. At a subsequent banquet Lord John Manners responded feelingly to the toast of his and Lady John Manners's health, and Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote to those of the Houses of Lords and Commons. Speaking of the angry criticisms with which the House of Peers had been assailed, Lord Salisbury significantly remarked that for institutions, as for men, there is something higher than the instinct of self-preservation—there is the duty, the feeling, and the reward that attends those who fulfil the calls of their conscience and their country.

MR. MARRIOTT has been accepted as their candidate by the Conservatives of Brighton, the previously recognised candidates of



Savage, with Leather Charms Tied Round Arms and Neck

indeed disgraceful. Armed with rifle and bayonet, they allowed themselves to be slaughtered without an effort at self-defence, by savages inferior to them in numbers, and armed only with spears and swords."

The illustrations in this column are *facsimiles* of Major Giles' sketches, and represent a Rebel's lance, sword, and shield, and one of Osman Digna's men.

INTERIOR OF "FORT EURYALUS"

"On the arrival in Suakim of the news of Baker Pasha's defeat it was feared that a panic might occur amongst the people of the town, there being a large number of the wives and families of the defeated Egyptians in the place. To guard against this a force of Blue-jackets and Marines were landed and established in one of the forts. My sketch," writes Major G. D. Giles, "represents the interior of this fort. Order was gradually being established, and the place set ship-shape. Some Egyptians were brushing up the rubbish which they always delight to live in. The sailors and marines seemed pleased with the change to the shore, and their clean, workmanlike appearance was very refreshing as a contrast to the dirty, slovenly look of the former Egyptian occupants. 'Fort Euryalus' had been written on the wall by the new-comers."

the party having, under the circumstances, waived their claims. The Liberal candidate is Mr. Romer, Q.C. The proceedings at some of the meetings of electors addressed by both have been very stormy. The polling is to be taken to-day (Saturday).

MR. DEASY, the Nationalist candidate, has been elected Mr. Parnell's colleague in the representation of Cork City by a majority of 997 over Mr. Goulding, Conservative. The numbers polled were 2,150 and 1,153. The votes for Mr. Deasy were 227 more than were given to Mr. Daly, the Nationalist candidate highest on the poll in 1880, and for Mr. Goulding 184 fewer than he received on that occasion.

THE NORTH OF ENGLAND STEAMSHIP OWNERS have, at a special meeting, approved of the Parliamentary action proposed to be taken by their President, Mr. Palmer, M.P., who has given notice of a motion in the House of Commons to refer Mr. Chamberlain's Shipping Bill to a Select Committee. This course, it was stated, is also approved of by the Hartlepool, Sunderland, and Glasgow Shipowners' Association.

SIR HENRY PARKES, late Prime Minister of New South Wales, addressing the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce on the present and future of the Australasian Colonies, contrasted the commerce of his own colony, which has adopted Free Trade, with that of Protectionist Victoria, the contrast being much in favour of New South Wales.

LECTURING AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION on Thames Communication Below London Bridge, Sir F. Bramwell expressed a preference, on the whole, for a tunnel, with subsidiary ferries.

THE NEWLY-FORMED METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION for limiting the expenditure of the London School Board is circulating a memorial among Members of Parliament and others with the view of bringing the representations of an influential deputation to bear on the Education Department.

IN OXFORD CONVOCATION this week, the preamble of a Statute admitting women under certain restrictions to some of the University examinations was passed by a majority of 46, the numbers being 100 to 54. Canon Liddon opposed the proposal as a step towards substituting the direct for the indirect influence of woman. "If," he said, "she was to become the rival of man, she would lose by the change."

A STAFF OF PROFESSORS is about to be engaged, and a temporary building erected, for the University College in North Wales, towards which subscriptions to the amount of 30,000*l.* have been promised. 2,000*l.* at least of this sum has been guaranteed by the workers in Lord Penrhyn's slate quarries.

THE NEW EDITOR of the *Times* is Mr. G. E. Buckle, son of the Rev. P. Buckle, of Weston-super-Mare. Mr. Buckle was for a considerable period assistant editor of the *Times* under the late Mr. Chenery.

TO-DAY is to be unveiled, in Westminster Abbey, Mr. Brock's bust of Longfellow, subscribed for by English admirers of the poet, under the auspices of a Committee of which the Prince of Wales is chairman, and the Duke of Albany, Lord Tennyson, the Duke of Westminster, Earl Granville, Lord Derby, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and Sir Frederick Leighton are among the members.

THE EFFICACY of pouring oil on troubled waters seem to have been very strikingly illustrated in the case of a Dundee steam whaler, bound for the Newfoundland seal fishery, which put into Lerwick on Sunday. Caught in a hurricane, and thrown on her beam ends, the *Jan Mayen* would, it is believed by her captain and crew, have foundered had not some bags of oakum, saturated with oil, been suspended over its sides; the waves shortly afterwards ceased to break over the vessel.

WITH THE BALANCE OF TRADE between the United States and this country very much against the latter, the curious phenomenon is being witnessed of arrivals of gold in London from New York.

IN 1883 there were 108,216 emigrants from Ireland—an increase of 19,350 over the previous year.

DOUBT HAVING BEEN THROWN on the existence of anything like a considerable amount of want of employment in Manchester, the unemployed of that city made a second out-of-door demonstration this week. They mustered about 3,000.

THE WEAVERS' STRIKE in North-East Lancashire is virtually at an end.

MR. MILNER GIBSON died on Monday in his yacht off Algiers, at the age of seventy-three. Since his rejection in 1868 by his previous constituents, the electors of Ashton-under-Lyne, he had withdrawn from the political arena in which he once played a somewhat conspicuous part. He entered public life as the Conservative Member for Ipswich, but was converted to Liberalism, and threw himself into the Anti-Corn-Law agitation, in which his prominence was next only to that of Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright. At the General Election of 1841, indeed, his claims to represent Manchester were considered superior to those of Mr. Cobden himself, and he became one of the members for that city. Upon the triumph of the Anti-Corn-Law League and the formation of Lord John Russell's first Administration in 1846, Mr. Milner Gibson was rewarded with the Vice-Presidency of the Board of Trade, which he resigned in 1848. He became the Parliamentary champion of the ultimately successful movement for the repeal of the so-called taxes on knowledge. At the General Election of 1857, which was disastrous to the members of the peace party, he lost his seat for Manchester, but in the following year was elected Member for Ashton-under-Lyne, and in 1857 was appointed President of the Board of Trade in Lord Palmerston's Ministry, with a seat in the Cabinet. The recipient of a Cabinet pension of 2,000*l.* a year, Mr. Milner Gibson was rather a tactician than a statesman, an administrator, or an orator.

WE REGRET to announce the death of Mr. George Mosconas, who was killed in the engagement at Teb on the 4th ult. Mr. G. Mosconas was in the service of Mr. Macdonald, special correspondent of the *Daily News* at the seat of war in the Soudan, as interpreter, and he had lately been supplying us with excellent sketches from Suakim. He was the son of Mr. Demetrius Mosconas, a gentleman well acquainted with the Soudan, who has been acting for some time as interpreter at the Commissariat and Transport Department, Cairo. Mr. Demetrius Mosconas has himself now gone to the Soudan as chief interpreter to the British forces.

THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK also includes the death of Mr. John Hullah, of whom our "Music" column contains a notice; of Hon. Owen Stanley, Lord-Lieutenant of Anglesea, twin brother of the second and uncle of the present Lord Stanley of Alderley, in his eighty-second year; of Sir Charles Sladen, an eminent colonial politician, who was the leader of the Legislative Council of Victoria during its struggle to assert its constitutional rights as an Upper House against the claims of the Legislative Assembly; of Sir Abraham Woodiwiss, who, originally an operative mason, rose to great opulence, and, Mayor of Derby in 1881-2, was knighted for his munificence and public spirit; of Mr. William Huggins, the animal painter, sometimes called the Liverpool Landseer, at the age of sixty-three; of Mr. Archibald Nimmo, shoemaker, of Carnwath, a Scotch notability of humble life. Mr. Nimmo, who died at an advanced age, published some years ago a collection of Clydesdale songs and ballads, and is said to have furnished Mr. Gladstone with facts and figures for at least one of his more important Parliamentary speeches.

PARLIAMENT

ON Thursday in this week the House of Commons may really have been said to have begun the Session. It is true that on that day it had already been twenty-three days in Session; but, at a liberal computation, the odd three days would have amply done all the business that has been accomplished. This waste of time at the beginning of the Session is fitfully complained of. We shall hear more of it later. A certain amount of business must be done; and, if it be not accomplished in February or March, it will have to be done in September.

On Friday night the long-winded, not to say flatulent, debate on the Address was allowed to come to a conclusion. The Irish members hung on to the end, grinding out over again the wearisome story of the wickedness of the Orangemen who, when the gentle Land Leaguer invaded his territory, set himself with gusto to turn him out. Mr. Dawson, whose visit to Derry was one of the incidents of the campaign, told over again the fearsome narrative. This was an incident that brings into strong light the possibility of torture in the House of Commons. Some days earlier, when Mr. Parnell should have moved his amendment, raising the whole question, the hon. gentleman did not feel equal to the task at the moment he was called upon. Something must, nevertheless, be done, or the debate would collapse and the Address be agreed to. In these circumstances Mr. Dawson appeared, and for nearly an hour dwelt upon this stirring episode in history. This was sad. But the House, feeling that it must be done, accepted the inevitable with its usual patience and resignation. It will scarcely be believed of any other Assembly in the world, that on Friday night Mr. Dawson rose, and again told the same story over at the expenditure of another hour of public time! It may be asked how this could be under the Rules of the debate. The accomplishment is very easy, given an Irish member. Mr. Dawson had made his first speech on the general question that the Address be agreed to. He made his second on an amendment submitted thereto by Mr. Parnell. There was nothing in the world, or at least in the elastic Rules of the House of Commons, to prevent him telling it once more on the report stage of Address. We shall certainly hear it again on Mr. Parnell's threatened resolution with respect to the Irish magistracy.

Before the Address was finally parted with, Mr. Stanhope brought up the question of the defenceless condition of India and the deep designs of Russia. The annexation of Merv by the latter Power was the opportunity for this speech, which was exceedingly moderate in its tone. The aspect of the House was in striking contrast with that familiar in the past Parliament whenever the Central Asian question came up. When Mr. Stanhope rose to speak, he was supported by the presence of only a single Conservative, whilst a little over a dozen Liberals lounged in their places. This was sufficient of itself to show that there was nothing very serious in the apprehensions expressed. But the raising of the question was useful as affording Sir Charles Dilke an opportunity of setting forth, in a brief and business-like speech, the actual condition of affairs on the north-west frontier of India. This proved so satisfactory as to call forth the approving cheer of even Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, who had in the mean time arrived, primed with a speech which his own admission that all was well did not prevent him delivering.

The record of later portions of the week is ceremonial, though of historic interest. On Monday Sir Henry Brand resigned his seat in the chair which he has held for twelve years. A great crowd of Commoners and Peers assembled to witness the proceedings. Mr. Gladstone moved a vote of thanks in a speech of highly-pitched eloquence, and was followed by Sir S. Northcote, who, though less oratorical, was not less effective. Here, in olden times, this section of the business would have ended. But we have a Third Party to deal with now, and Mr. Parnell as its leader rose to cast the last stone at the retreating figure of the gentleman who through periods of difficulty and danger to Parliamentary government has worthily upheld the dignity of the Chair. Mr. Parnell evidently did not like his mission. He prefaced its accomplishment with expressions of personal esteem and respect for the Speaker, which must have been very gallant to Mr. Biggar, Mr. O'Brien, and others of the Party whose policy had prevailed to bring about this episode. It was notable that Mr. Parnell's speech was divided into two parts. Whatever he said deferential to the Speaker he said in his usual manner. When he came to accuse him of using his high position to the detriment of Irish members he read the remarks from manuscript. He was followed by Mr. O'Donnell, whose observations were not in any favourable sense cut up into divisions. He stated more plainly the coarse and altogether baseless accusation against the Speaker's integrity. No attempt was made to shout him down, or by any overt act to express the sense of the House on this interposition. A much more effectual course was taken, the only one that ever embarrasses or visibly irritates Mr. O'Donnell. Members began to talk to each other as if no one was addressing the Chair, and as the buzz of conversation rose only now and then could a phrase be caught of the vituperation of the member for Dungarvan.

The solemnity of the proceedings was not unvaried by the inevitable touch of comicality. Lord Henry Lennox thought the occasion favourable for posing in his least familiar character as a venerable personage. Assuming that his thirty-eight years' standing qualified him to appear as the Nestor of the House, he blessed the retiring Speaker. But though thirty-eight years is a long time it is not so long as forty, which is Mr. Newdegate's term, and which he promptly brought forward in competition with Lord Henry. Mr. Newdegate was outstayed by Mr. Gregory, who had been fifty years a member. No one could say how far this sort of auction was to proceed. There might be members present who had sat in the House for more than fifty years. But it seemed not, and Mr. Gregory was left triumphant, whilst the Speaker, in a few well-chosen words, acknowledged the honour done him in the vote of thanks which, moved by the Premier and seconded by the Leader of the Opposition, was carried unanimously. Mr. Biggar and Mr. O'Donnell cried "No" when the question was put, but did not challenge a division. As far as the Irish members were concerned, Mr. O'Brien carried off the palm of victory. When the Speaker rose all the members uncovered, except Mr. O'Brien, who, pressing his hat upon his brows, sat defiant of courtesy and good manners.

At one o'clock on Tuesday morning Sir Henry Brand finally quitted the Chair, passing for the last time in wig and gown through a throng of members who cheered him up to the portals of the Speaker's House. At four o'clock the same evening Mr. Arthur Peel was nominated to fill the vacant chair. Mr. Whitbread moved the resolution, and Mr. Rathbone stammered through a well-meant speech in seconding the nomination. Mr. Peel agreeably surprised every one by the speech in which he submitted himself for election. A man of retiring habits, he was little known to the House, and that little did not suggest to everybody that he was a Heaven-born Speaker. He was remembered as a subordinate Minister, who from the remote end of the table used to deliver halting speeches which few listened to. On Tuesday he rose at a single bound to the dignity of his unrivalled position. His speech both in manner and matter was admirable, and its effect upon the House was eloquently shown in its variation of manner during the six or seven minutes Mr. Peel was on his legs. When he rose the Liberals cheered him as in duty bound, whilst the Conservatives sat doubtfully looking on. When he sat down the cheering from all parts of the House, save in the sullen Irish camp, was unmistakably hearty. On Wednesday Mr. Peel went to the House of Lords to receive the Royal approval, and, on his return, donned wig and gown, and formally began what is likely to prove a memorable term of office.



THE FAMOUS RAILWAY DOG, "HELP," is alive and well after all. This useful collie has met with no accident, and is staying at Worcester.

AN ANTI-BRITISH ARABIC JOURNAL is to be established in Paris by a devoted follower of the Mahdi—the Sheikh Gemal-Ed-Din-El-Afghan—to defend, as he states, "the Mussulman interests threatened by the insatiable cupidity of England."

THE STUDY OF ATHLETICS is the latest fancy among Gallic dandies, who practise their new pursuit in very mild style. Young Parisians have formed a Racing Club, which meets every Sunday morning in the Bois de Boulogne, where they spend several hours in foot-racing, the meeting being carefully arranged with handicaps, &c., in due form.

THE QUEEN'S BOOK arouses almost as much interest abroad as at home. Beside the Italian and French editions we mentioned last week, the work is being put into German by the Countess Euphemia Ballestrem; Mr. Siewers will translate it for Scandinavian readers; and the Royal journal will also be brought out in the Tauchnitz series.

TRUFFLE-EATERS, BEWARE!—These precious vegetables have long been simulated in Paris by harmless blackened bread-crumbs, potato, and Turkish flour introduced into the skin of the Périgord black potato, but the proper perfume could not be obtained. Now an ingenious Versailles has produced the right perfume by some highly dangerous essence, and ten officers have been made seriously ill by eating his productions. So the manufacturer has been arrested, and all shops and stalls selling truffles are being searched, and their wares analysed.

"KATE GREENAWAY PARTIES" have been introduced among Transatlantic Carnival gaieties, where the guests wear the quaint old-fashioned costumes depicted in the familiar aesthetic picture-books. Talking of American society, a very curious Leap-Year ball has been given in Philadelphia. The host sent out the invitation, and the ordinary state of things was so reversed, that not only did the ladies escort the gentlemen, ask them to dance, and give them flowers; but Leap-Year costumes were adopted, ladies wearing men's coats, masher collars, shirt-fronts and ties, with their ordinary ball-skirts, while men carried fans, some wore earrings, and many had low feminine bodices and short sleeves.

THE LAND SUBSIDENCES in the Cheshire salt district have materially altered the features of the neighbourhood, and cause great alarm to the inhabitants, particularly at Winsford. Here of late many old houses have sunk away, and others have been erected over them; some buildings have gone down to half their original height, so that former bed-rooms are now shops level with the street, while near the Market Place a whole row of houses have sunk beneath the surface, and the site is empty. Public buildings share the same fate, for the Town Hall has had to be raised eight feet, and the old Market Hall has fairly vanished. Once it was reached by a flight of steps, in time it had to be entered by a descent, and finally it dropped underground altogether, having sunk twenty-seven feet.

THE HOUSING OF THE POOR AND WORKING CLASSES seemingly needs some looking-to in Berlin, judging from the numbers living in the tenement houses of the German capital. Many houses contain from 50 to 300 persons, a few vary from 300 to 583, and one in the Ackerstrasse owns 1,800 inmates. The average space to every inhabitant is very small, and in some districts it dwindles down to 81 square metres—barely thrice as much as necessary for a grave. The house-room question also troubles Paris, where both the poorer and middle classes suffer grievously from the high rents demanded. The Paris authorities warmly discuss the matter, but do nothing more, and have just refused an offer of the Crédit Foncier to supply funds for the construction of apartments to be let at low rents. Altogether the working classes in Paris are feeling more distress now than for many years. Thousands are out of work, prices are high; and, had the winter been severe, the suffering would have been very great.

THE EDUCATION OF MEDICAL WOMEN does not get on very successfully in Bombay, where the admission of female students to the lectures at the Grant Medical College has aroused great disturbance. There are seven girls—four of Parsee and three of European extraction—and they have been constantly persecuted from the beginning, the male students hissing them, trying to take their seats, and making unpleasant remarks, while at last the lads brought matters to a point by pelting the unlucky girls. It is very widely felt that these mixed classes are particularly undesirable in India, owing to native prejudice, and several of the professors intend to decline to lecture to mixed classes. Indian medical students are much quieter beings than their European brethren, but this prejudice is remarkably strong, and it has now been suggested that a separate institution should be provided for all female medical students, where they could receive all needful training without offending native feelings.

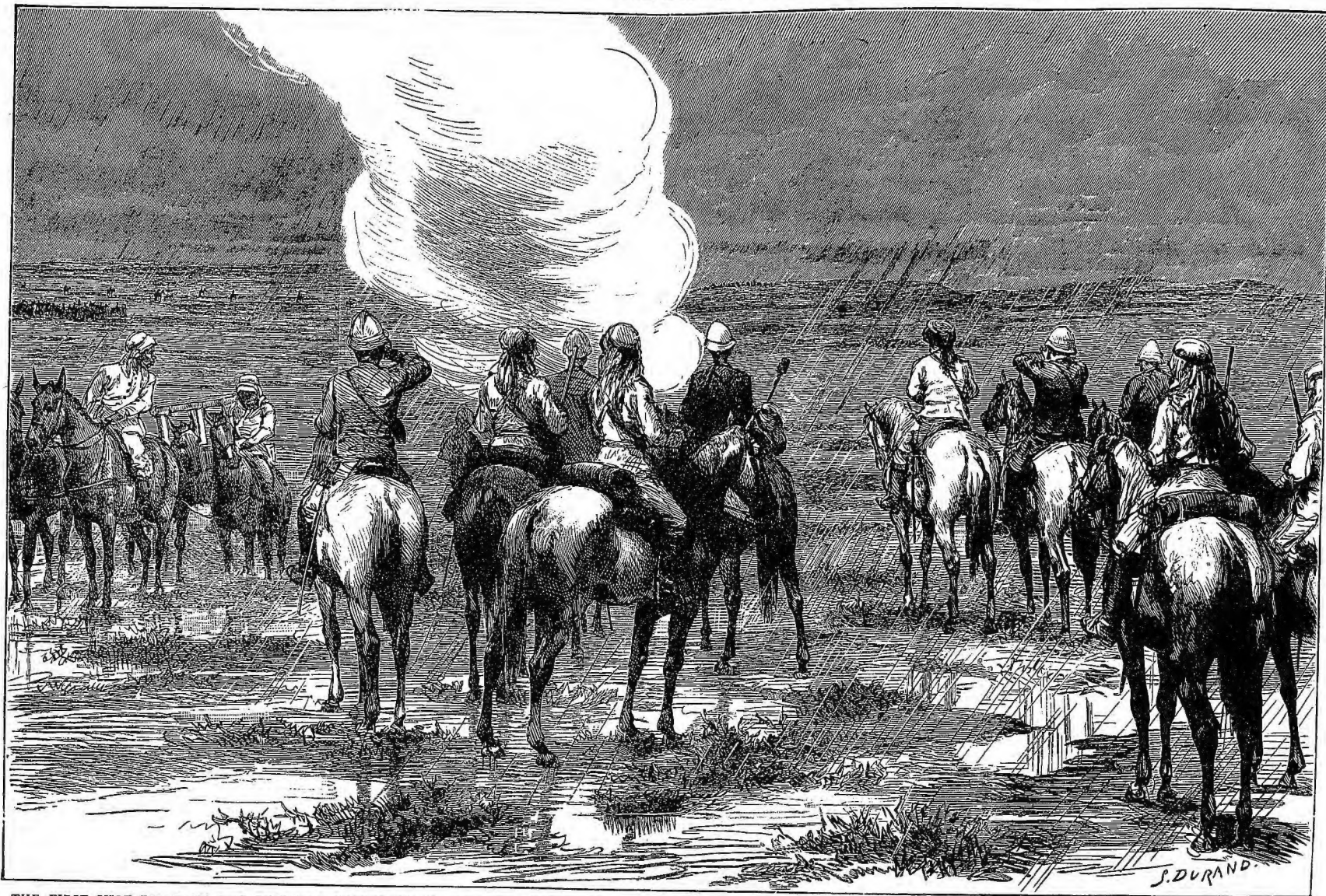
THE FATE OF THE BLENHEIM PICTURES is still discussed in Germany, and, though Mr. Gladstone has stated that nothing is settled in the matter, the Berlin Press continue to assert that the bargain has been formally completed, and cannot be cancelled. Some annoyance is expressed that the subject should have been ventilated before being fully settled, the *National Zeitung* suggesting that these premature discussions may seriously affect all such negotiations. The Crown Princess's part in the scheme is also denied.—Berlin is certainly trying hard to become an artistic city, and although last year's Academy Exhibition was not over successful, the Berlin artists intend to try another this spring, while the Academy will hold a Grand Exhibition of Living Artists' Works in August.—Picture frauds have now travelled here from Paris, and an unlucky banker has paid a high price for a work by Defregger which has turned out a counterfeit—the first of the kind in Germany.—By the way, Emperor William is displeased with one of the Roman frescoes just completed at the Berlin Arsenal, where the artist had given Napoleon's III.'s features to the vanquished Caesar. The Emperor has commanded the head to be altered at once.

LONDON MORTALITY again slightly increased, and 1,552 deaths were registered, against 1,528 during the previous seven days, a rise of 24, but being 288 below the average, and at the rate of 20·2 per 1,000. These deaths included 4 from small-pox (an increase of 2), 42 from measles (a rise of 7), 37 from scarlet fever (an increase of 15), 14 from diphtheria (a decline of 12), 82 from whooping-cough (a fall of 1), 12 from enteric fever (a decrease of 9), and not one from typhus or from simple cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs rose last week to 345, from 334 the previous week, being 164 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 50 deaths; 42 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 13 from fractures and contusions, 6 from burns and scalds, 2 from drowning, 1, a male, aged 31 years, from "collapse of lung while under the influence of chloroform," and 15 infants under one year of age from suffocation. Seven cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,538 births against 2,649 during the previous week, being 259 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 43·4 deg., and 4·1 deg. above the average.

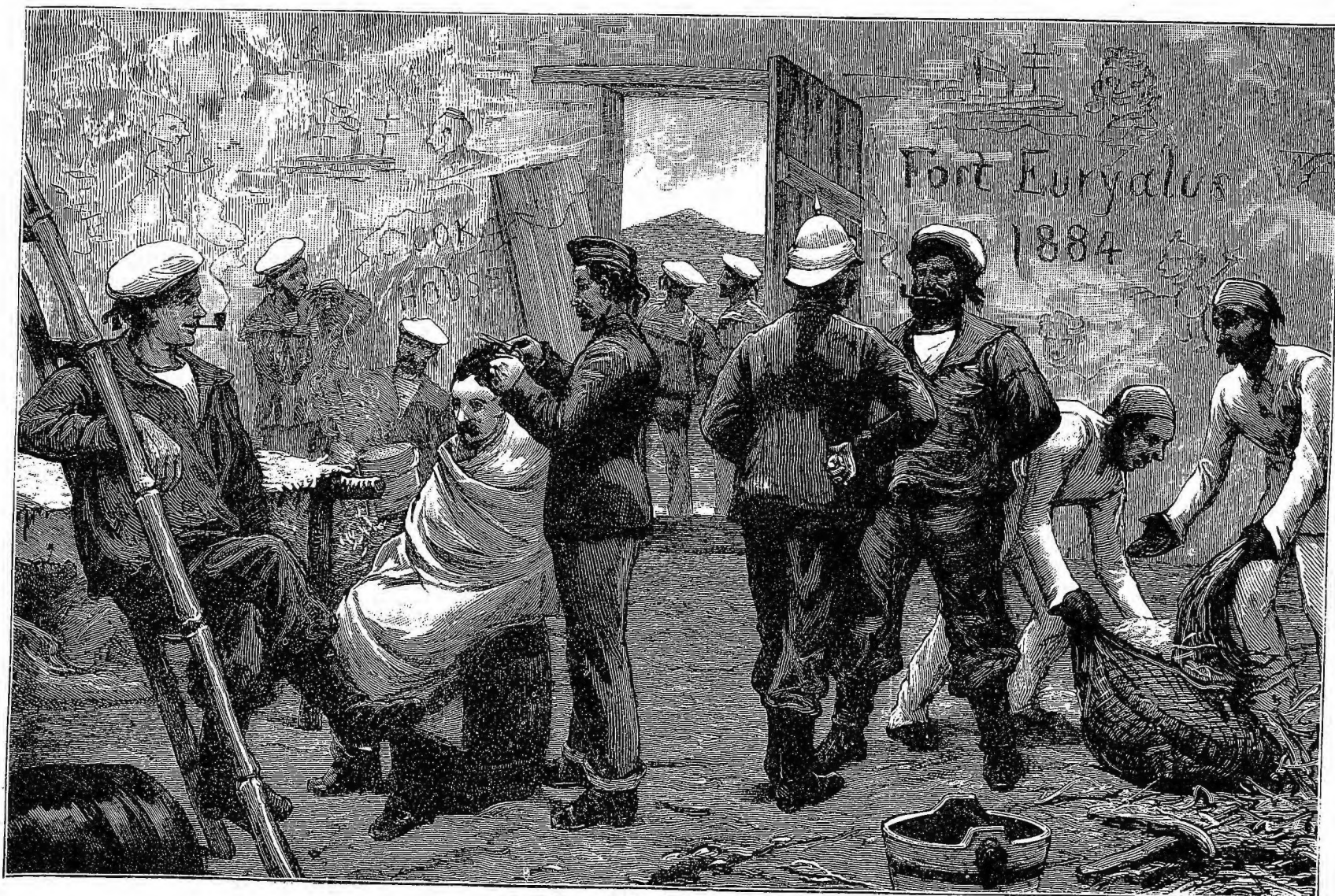
Body of Egyptian Cavalry and Line of Scouts in Front

Enemy in the Extreme Distance

Baker Pasha Colonel Burnaby



THE FIRST SHOT FIRED BY THE EGYPTIAN FORCES WHEN THEY MOVED OUT FROM TRINKITAT ON FEBRUARY 4 TO ATTEMPT THE RELIEF OF TOKAR (AN HOUR AFTERWARDS THE FORCE WAS DEFEATED AND IN FULL RETREAT)



INTERIOR OF "FORT EURYALUS," SUAKIM

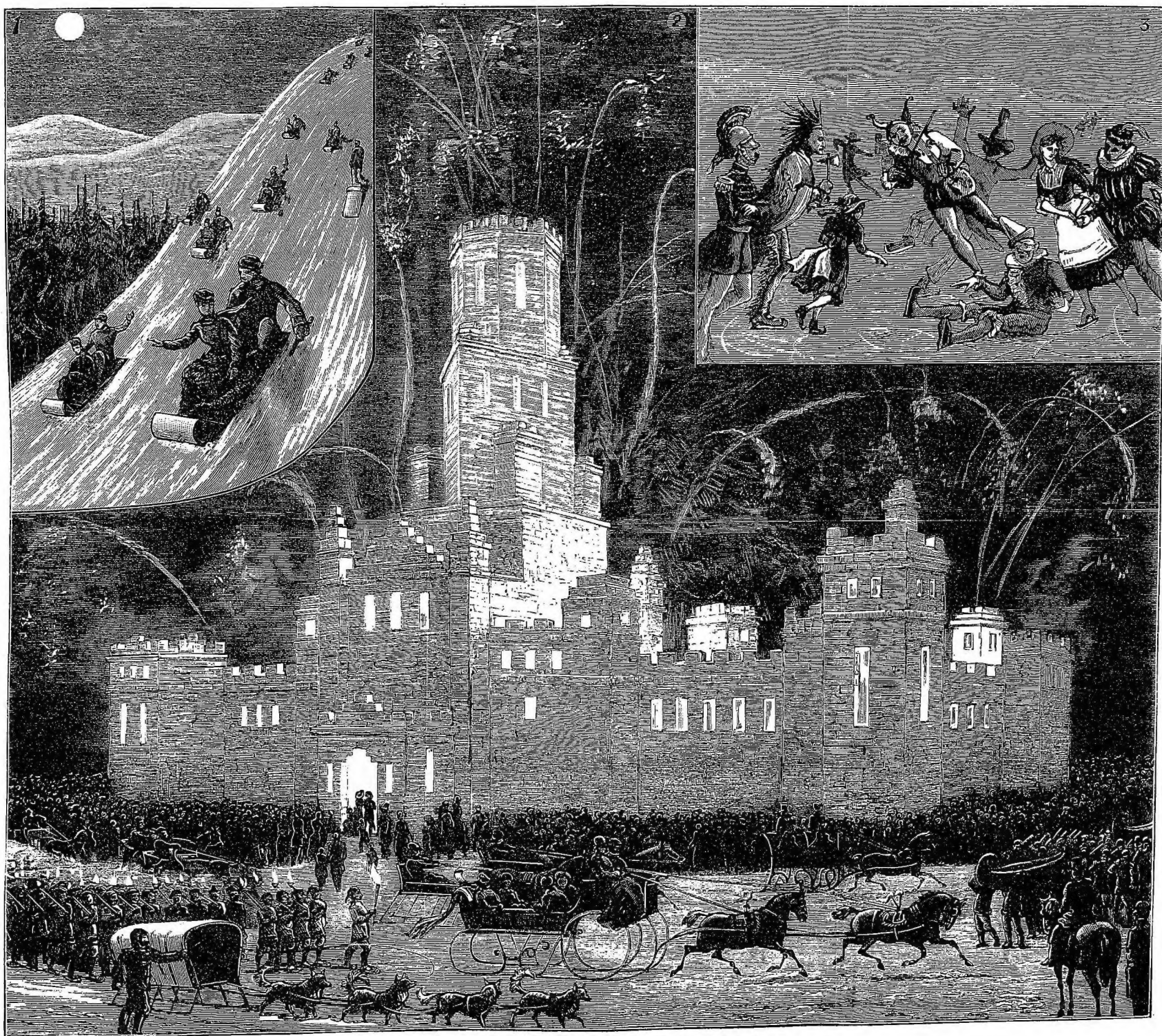
THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN

FROM SKETCHES BY A BRITISH OFFICER OF BAKER PASHA'S STAFF



PREPARING FOR THE RELIEF OF TOKAR—BAKER PASHA AND STAFF RETURNING TO TRINKITAT AFTER THROWING UP THE OUTER EARTHWORK, FEB. 2

THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN
FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER OF BAKER PASHA'S STAFF



1. Tobogganing.—2. The Ice Palace.—3. The Carnival.

THE ICE CARNIVAL AT MONTREAL, CANADA



A DEFINITIVE advance against Osman Digna has been made by our troops in EGYPT. Although Tokar surrendered last week, General Graham in no way suspended his preparation at Trinkitat, where on Monday some 4,000 troops had been assembled. The enemy had taken possession of Fort Baker, which General Baker had erected on the other side of the morass which separates Trinkitat from the mainland, but on General Graham advancing with the Highlanders, the 89th, a couple of the 19th Hussar squadrons, and a camel battery, the rebels abandoned the fort, which was then occupied by our troops. New works were at once constructed, so as to defend the whole force when passing the morass, and these, together with Fort Baker, will be used as depôts for three days' provisions, forage, and water. On Tuesday the advance line of the enemy, estimated at some 2,000, opened fire upon the Forts and the entrenchments, but their marksmanship was so wild that no one was hurt. Colonel Sir Redvers Buller and Colonel Stewart arrived on Wednesday, and the advance in force was to be made yesterday or to-day (Saturday), and a battle was expected to be fought at Teb, the very spot where General Baker was defeated, and where the enemy appear to have remained encamped, and to have been reinforced. They are now variously estimated at from 5,000 to 10,000. Osman Digna himself is entrenched in his headquarters at Tamaneh, near Suakim, and it is considered that it will be necessary after defeating the enemy at Teb to attack him in his stronghold. Both officers and men are anxious to come up with the enemy, and a greater contrast can hardly be imagined than the admirable morale and discipline which exists amongst our troops, and the demeanour of the untrained bands with which General Baker made his attempt to relieve Tokar. Still in some quarters there is some little anxiety with regard to the absence of artillery, especially as the camel batteries which accompany the force cannot be brought into play as quickly as is necessary to combat an enemy not advancing in solid masses, but in extended order, and with extreme rapidity. The number of our men also is far inferior to that of the enemy. They barely amount to 4,000 of all arms, including the Naval Brigade, with six machine guns.

At Suakim matters have been in anything but a flourishing condition. A small force of marines had been left as a garrison, but the black troops who were left behind were in an absolute state of mutiny, and preparations were being made to send them back to Suez. They had refused to embark for Trinkitat, and were confined to their camp, while Arabi's old soldiers, who had been sent to Suakim as convicts, paraded the town in a highly turbulent manner. The Egyptian officers also discarded their uniforms, and, to use the words of the telegram, "appeared indifferent." The rebels have in no way attempted an attack, and though large bodies were observed in the distance they seemed to be making their way southwards, in the direction of Teb. According to Thursday's news, however, some friendly tribes, now that they see England is in earnest, have declared against Osman Digna, and have cut their way through to Suakim. That Admiral Hewett considered the town secure is manifest from the fact that he went to Trinkitat on Tuesday. The transport *Neera*, which had run aground, has been abandoned, though fortunately the troops have been saved, the commissariat stores and the mules will be utterly lost.

At CAIRO General Graham's advance and the critical condition of Suakim have been watched with intense anxiety. The fall of Tokar, which took place on February 21st, created little surprise, and, when the circumstances of the surrender were known, comparatively little regret. The garrison and its commander, Yakoub Effendi, it appears, visited the rebel camp on Wednesday week—the way having been paved for negotiations by a merchant of Tokar—and on their return told the garrison that they must lay down their arms next day. Some of the men objected, and escaped that night, but the remainder acquiesced, and on Thursday week the rebels entered the town. The Krupp guns captured at Teb had been used to good advantage on the mud walls of Tokar, and much further resistance could not certainly have been offered, but the garrison knew of the English advance, and, it is generally thought, preferred surrendering to Mussulmans to being succoured by Christians. Reinforcements are arriving at Alexandria, as well as more British ships of war, including H.M.S. *Monarch*, *Invincible*, and *Helicon*. The Egyptian regiments, numbering some 1,300 men, told off to garrison Assouan have left Cairo under Colonel Duncan, but at present are not to be accompanied by any British battalions.

General Gordon is succeeding in his mission at Khartoum. Col. de Coetlogon has left, and his troops have been sent to Omdurman, preparatory to being conveyed down the river. A couple of thousand have already left, and the town is now garrisoned by the Black troops, who are to form its permanent occupiers. The town is perfectly quiet, and many of the tribes in the south, which had adopted a hostile attitude, have become tranquil and friendly. It is significant also that the prices of all provisions have gone down, while cheques on Khartoum can now be cashed at Cairo with ease. General Gordon is sending two vessels with flags of truce up the river to distribute his proclamation. They are well armed, and can hold their own if attacked. The Mahdi is still at Obeid, and a man, who left there a month ago, has arrived at Khartoum. He stated that the missionaries are free to go about the town, as also three white men, who, he was told, were taken prisoners at Kashgil. He also reported that El Fasher Slatten Bey was still holding out, as also the garrisons of Darra, Masteri, and Foga; but that those of Om Shanga and Thashi had surrendered. The Mahdi had only the old garrison of El Obeid with him. The bearer of the news has been sent back to El Obeid with letters to the "three white men." According to general report, the Mahdi is waiting for the rainy season to enable him to advance northwards, and he is said to be intriguing, not only with the Egyptians, but in Syria and Persia, by means of emissaries, whom he has sent out in great numbers.

In FRANCE the fall of Tokar, and General Gordon's slavery proclamation, have brought down a fresh shower of sarcasms upon England and her policy, and, having nothing in particular to discuss in Home politics, journals of all shades have been lavish with their advice and recriminations. There is very little French news proper. Prince Napoleon has received a Bonapartist Committee, who presented an address on the advisability of revising the Constitution. He agreed with them, declaring that the Constitution of 1876 was imposed upon the country by Orleanist intrigue, which subordinated everything to Parliament, and handed the Government over to irresponsible majorities. In Parliament nothing of interest has happened, save that the Senators have passed the Trades' Unions Bill, with an additional clause permitting federation—a provision to which effect as passed by the Lower Chamber they previously rejected. The Chamber have been discussing a vote of 6,600*l.* for the Madagascar Expedition, and the Opposition have taken the opportunity to have a spar with the Government. The chief political incident, however, has been the Lenten Pastoral of the Archbishop of Paris, in which he complains bitterly of the men "who have assumed the mission of combating and destroying the

Kingdom of God on earth under the seductive name of progress. . . . No more religious teaching in schools; no more religious emblems outside the temples; no more priests visiting in hospitals. The public authorities almost everywhere seem bent only on multiplying the examples and influences which will gradually lead the population to forget and dispense with religion." The tone of the other episcopal pastorals, however, is more moderate. The Socialists on their side have also had a little demonstration, numerous banquets being held on Sunday to commemorate the anniversary of the Revolution of 1848. There have been three noteworthy deaths in military circles—General Borel, formerly Minister of War; General Schramm, the Senior General in the French Army; and General Wimpffen, who commanded the troops at Sedan when Napoleon III. capitulated in 1870. The well known painter, Benjamin Ulmann, also died on Monday.

In PARIS M. Victor Hugo has been congratulated on attaining his eighty-second year, and the Minister of Public Instruction is having a medal struck in honour of the event. M. François Coppée and M. de Lesseps were duly elected last week successors to MM. Victor de Laprade and Henri Martin. There has been a successful comedy produced at the Vaudeville. It has taken three persons to write: MM. Paul Ferrier, Felix Cohen, and Albin Valabreque, and is entitled *La Flamboyante*, the name of a supposititious vessel, in which a trustworthy wife thinks her husband is taking long voyages. He is, however, amusing himself in Paris, to be eventually unmasked by the inevitable mother-in-law. M. Tricou has returned from China, and speaks hopefully of the situation in Tonquin, whence the only noteworthy news is that General Millot has assumed the supreme command at Hanoi, and that a *reconnaissance* by the Black Flags was pushed to within firing distance of Hanoi, whence they promptly retreated on being saluted by the garrison. A column of 6,000 men, under Generals Millot and Brière, will march forward on March 8th, being preceded by General Nadier, who will start from Haidzuong with a similar force.

RUSSIA has been somewhat astonished at the sudden suspension of General Tcherniaeff from the Governor-Generalship of Turkestan. The General, with his accustomed ardour, had been working hard, not only at establishing a new trade route from the Northern Caspian to the Sea of Aral, but also at drawing out new plans for the invasion and conquest of India, which he sent to the Minister of War, with the request that they should be submitted to the Czar. The Minister refused to do this, and, it is said, called General Tcherniaeff to St. Petersburg. The latter, however, persisted, and managed to get his plan conveyed to the Czar by other means. The Czar was as angry at this as his Minister, and at once decided to shelve the too zealous officer, offering him, as an honourable means of retirement, a seat in the Imperial Military Council. General Tcherniaeff, however, declined this, and intends to retire into private life. His successor is General Rosenbach. Meanwhile the occupation of Merv, according to the *Novoe Vremya*, has been followed by an appeal from the tribes occupying the neutral districts between the Russian and Afghan frontiers, to Russia to take them under her protection on the same terms as the Mervians. The reason given for this step is that the Ameer of Afghanistan is making certain aggressive movements—the old story of the wolf and the lamb, which the Muscovites are so fond of putting in practice.

The news of the annexation of Merv has naturally excited considerable attention in INDIA, where the *Times* correspondent tells us "the all-but universal opinion is that the event means additional dangers to India—dangers which would have been obviated by the retention of Candahar." Meanwhile, the Ameer of Afghanistan is at war with the Mangal tribe, and has sent Gholam Hyder with reinforcements to Shuturgardan. Calcutta narrowly escaped a serious disaster last week. A vessel with 30,000 cases of kerosene oil caught fire and sank, but the cases of oil continued to float down the river, which appeared on fire, to the imminent danger of the shipping.

In NORWAY, the trial by the Rigstet of M. Selmer—the test case of the Cabinet—has resulted in the Minister being found guilty of having advised the King to unconstitutionally veto certain measures which, having been voted three times by three successive Storthinges, were considered to have become law according to the provisions of the Constitution. The sentence pronounced the Minister to have forfeited his posts of Minister of State and Member of the Royal Council, and condemned him to pay the costs of the trial—about 1,000*l.*

From AUSTRALIA, a telegram from Melbourne states that the Imperial Government has announced that it is not prepared to sanction any annexation in the Pacific unless a federation of the Australian Parliaments should first pass a series of resolutions on the subject. The Government again states that, in the event of a guarantee being given by the Australian Colonies, it is prepared to appoint a Commission invested with full powers.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear from AUSTRIA that the three murderers of Chief Justice Majlath have been executed at Vienna, where, through a popular feeling that Sponga, who had turned Queen's evidence, should have received his pardon, stringent precautions were taken against any disturbance.—In ITALY Turin is busily preparing her International Exhibition, which is to be opened on April 26. The exhibitors will number from 16,000, to 17,000, from all parts of Italy.—BELGIUM is going to celebrate, on May 1, the fiftieth anniversary of the day when the construction of a Belgian railway was first decreed.—In the UNITED STATES, the Senate has voted a resolution of thanks to the British Government for its present of the *Alert* for the Greeley Relief Expedition. The bodies of Commander De Long and his comrades of the *Jeannette* Expedition were buried last week in New York.



THE QUEEN and Princess Beatrice leave England for Germany early in April, and will be absent about three weeks. They will probably not go to Baden-Baden, as at first arranged, but it is uncertain whether they will remain the whole time at Darmstadt after attending the Royal Wedding. On returning home they will stay at Windsor until the middle of May, and then go to Scotland. Meanwhile, Prince Henry of Prussia, second son of the Crown Prince and Princess, has been visiting Her Majesty at Windsor, his vessel, the *Oliga*, having put into Devonport for repairs. He arrived on Saturday night, when the Queen gave a small dinner-party, and accompanied Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice to Divine Service on Sunday morning in the private chapel, where the Dean of Windsor officiated. Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein joined the Royal party at lunch, and subsequently Prince Henry left for town. On Monday the Queen gave audience to Lord Kensington, who presented the House of Commons' Address replying to the Royal Speech, and received Earl Sydney, who presented the Address from the House of Lords, petitioning Her Majesty to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire

into the housing of the working classes. Princess Beatrice spent the day in town with her nieces, Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, while the Princesses visited the Grosvenor Gallery and the Exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House, lunched with the Duchess of Edinburgh, and went to the morning performance of the Drury Lane Pantomime. Subsequently they returned to Windsor.

The Prince of Wales at the end of last week spoke in the House of Lords on the subject of the housing of the poor. On Saturday he was present at a meeting of the Standing Committee of the British Museum Trustees, and in the evening the Prince and Princess gave a dinner-party, attended by numerous members of the Diplomatic Corps and the official world. Next morning the Prince and Princess with their daughters attended Divine Service, and Prince Henry of Prussia arrived in the afternoon. On Monday the Prince and Princess with their daughters and the Princess Louise went to Chelsea barracks, where the Princess of Wales distributed the prizes to the girls belonging to the Guards' Industrial Home, and the Royal Party were subsequently present at the amateur theatricals given by the officers and men of the Coldstream Guards. On Tuesday the Prince with Prince Henry spent the afternoon in the House of Lords, and in the evening they went to the Lyceum Theatre. On Wednesday the Prince with the Princess went to the Grosvenor Gallery and visited the English Cart Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall. The next *levée* is fixed for March 17.

The Princess Louise visited Westminster Hospital on Saturday, when she walked through all the wards and spoke to the patients. In the evening she accompanied the Duchess of Edinburgh and the Marquis of Lorne to the Haymarket Theatre.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will spend the summer at Mussoorie, where they will occupy Herndale, the best house in the station, situated on high ground above Happy Valley.

The betrothal of the Princess Elizabeth of Hesse to the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia has now been formally announced, the Duke being on a visit to his *fiancée* at Darmstadt, and there will accordingly be a double wedding on April 15th. Indeed, there is some talk of a third bridal pair—the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse, and the Hereditary Prince of Anhalt. At all events there will be a large Royal gathering, including the Empress of Austria—who is going on a "Kur" at Wiesbaden—and the Kings and Queens of Holland and Denmark.



FEARS ARE ENTERTAINED for the safety of considerable portions of the fabric of Westminster Abbey, which have for years been suffering from decay. Negotiations, it is said, are in progress between the Dean and Chapter, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and the Government, with a view to the adoption of the necessary measures of rescue and repair. From 60,000*l.* to 80,000*l.* will, it is stated, be required.

PRESIDING OVER THE ANNUAL COURT OF THE CLERGY CORPORATION, the Archbishop of Canterbury said that the successful way in which the clergy, with moderate means, trained their children was wonderful. He had heard of a clergyman who, with only 250*l.* a year, gave nine sons a very liberal education. Five of them had taken scholarships at the University, and it was believed that the others would similarly distinguish themselves.

PRESIDING OVER A MEETING, at which was received the report from the Committee of the Bishop of Rochester's Ten Churches Fund, the Archbishop of York referred to the great success of the scheme, 42,000*l.* out of the 50,000*l.* asked for having been raised in a period limited to ten years. From his experience as a former occupant of the See of Rochester the Bishop of Winchester testified to the great necessity for church building in the diocese, no part of the country, in his experience, having increased so rapidly in population as London, south of the Thames. Mr. W. H. Smith spoke of the movement as one the success of which would counteract the extreme loneliness of London with its multiplication of houses and inhabitants.

In NORTH WALES a report is current that the Bishop of St. Asaph contemplates resigning before long.

CANON FLEMING has accepted the Honorary Secretaryship of the Evangelical Alliance, and Canon Westcott the Vice-Presidency of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

THE CHURCH ARMY has now fifty-four stations opened.

THE SECRETARY OF THE EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND states that on its behalf, and with the consent of the Khédivial Government, Mr. Flinders Petrie, well known for his researches at the Pyramids, is now at work on the site of Zoan, the chief city of the Pharaohs who favoured the Israelites, and the richest monumental site in Lower Egypt.

A HANDSOME STAINED GLASS WINDOW has been placed in the Church of St. Helen's, Bishopgate, as a memorial of Shakespeare's early denizenship of the parish.

IN SPITE OF HIS VISIT TO MENTONE, Mr. Spurgeon's restoration to health is still incomplete. An attack of rheumatic gout prevented him from preaching at the Tabernacle last Sunday.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—A preliminary prospectus of the coming opera season has been issued by Mr. Gye, and it justifies our forecast of the season's novelties. Mr. Mackenzie's *Colomba* will be adapted into Italian, and the principal part will be sung by Madame Pauline Lucca, who has also undertaken to "create" it in German in Vienna. For Madame Albani will be produced an Italian version of M. Rey's opera, *Sigurd*, recently produced at Brussels. The story is derived from that portion of the *Nibelungen Lied* already utilised by Wagner in the latter part of *Siegfried*, and in the *Götterdämmerung*, and Madame Albani will play the beautiful character of Brynhilde. Mr. Gye likewise announces the name of Madame Patti, although it is generally understood that lady has not yet decided about her movements this summer. Mesdames Sembrich, Durand, and Scalchi, MM. Mierzwinski, Nicolini, Marconi, Cotogni, Novara, Devoyod, de Reszké, and others are also engaged. As evidence of the cosmopolitan character of modern operatic troupes it may be mentioned that out of seventeen principal artists announced by Mr. Gye only five are Italians, the rest being natives of England, America, Canada, France, Germany, and Poland. The subscription is for thirty nights, commencing April 29th. The German Opera at Covent Garden will be under different management, but announcements are still made of a season of twelve nights, commencing June 4th, with Herr Richter as conductor.

JOHN HULLAH.—Amidst general and unanimous expressions of regret this eminent musician has passed away in his seventy-second year. Mr. Hullah had long been ill, and, after a third paralytic stroke, he was removed from Malvern to London, where he died on February 21. To the rising generation, Mr. Hullah was known as an amiable gentleman, who for many years placidly performed the duties of Inspector of Music under the Education Department, and as late musical critic of the *Globe*. Mr. Hullah's celebrity was, however, won on a far different field. When, in 1839, he first investigated the system of Wilhem, who then held classes for popular singing instruction in Paris, he resolved to carry the idea into his own country. First at Battersea, then at Exeter Hall, and afterwards, from 1850, till it was burnt down in 1860, at his own St. Martin's Hall, Mr. Hullah held classes for the instruction of the masses, passing his pupils from elementary to intermediate, and thence to the advanced grades, when they assisted him in his concert enterprises. His system was very fiercely attacked, and it has, indeed, fallen to the lot of few men professing the most peaceful of the arts, to live for so many years a life of warfare. The present is not the time to discuss the merits or demerits of his system. But the fact that between 1840 and 1860 nearly 25,000 students passed through his classes will suffice to show the influence Mr. Hullah has exercised in the art movement which has eventually spread over the whole of the country, and has made the British a veritable musical nation. Mr. Hullah finally retired from the exercise of his profession a year or two ago, and enjoyed a pension of 150*l*. As he leaves a widow and young children, the Prime Minister will probably be memorialised to continue that grant to his family.

BACH'S "CHRISTMAS ORATORIO."—The Sacred Harmonic Society, at their last concert, revived a compressed edition of this work which, written exactly a hundred and fifty years ago, was performed about the year 1876 at the Albert Hall, since when it has not been heard in its entirety. The oratorio was, indeed, never intended to be performed as a whole. Bach wrote it in six parts, to be used for six separate festivals between Christmas and the Epiphany. Portions of the music he adapted from two secular dramas, one written for a Saxon Prince in 1733, and the other dedicated to the Queen of Poland. He also utilised for the chorales some of the hymn tunes attributed to Luther, to Hassler, and others, and doubtless popular in his day. But the *Christmas Oratorio* is unsuited to the concert rooms of the present time, especially as it was performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society, who, disdaining "additional accompaniments," caused the thin score of Bach's day to be filled in by nothing but the organ. The *Christmas Oratorio* is, indeed, far better adapted for church purposes, and portions of it were sung a few years ago as part of the service at St. Anne's, Soho, the congregation reverently joining in the chorales. The performance by Misses Marriott and Beare, Madame Patey, Messrs. Kearton and Bridson, on February 22nd, was on the whole adequate, and the Sacred Harmonic choir, under Mr. W. H. Cummings, have rarely sung better.

AN EXPENSIVE OPERA HOUSE.—From an official statement just issued, it seems that the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, now tenanted by Mr. Abbey, will cost, from first to last, upwards of 400,000*l*. The property has already cost 367,000*l*. Mr. Abbey, who engaged Mesdames Nilsson, Sembrich, Valleria, Trebelli, Scaldi, and others, had, it appears, the house free, beside 10,600*l*. in money; and also besides scenery, costumes, and music, there was an expenditure of 28,000*l*. for the production of various operas.

BENEDICT TESTIMONIAL FUND.—A meeting, under the presidency of Lord Londesborough, was held at Her Majesty's Theatre, February 22. It was decided to support two concerts to be given at the Albert Hall in June, and to supplement the proceeds by a public subscription, and possibly a theatrical benefit, kindly suggested by Mr. Wilson Barrett. The testimonial will take the form of a purse of money, and the Lord Mayor has consented to act as treasurer of the fund.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—In the course of the musical season which is now beginning, it will be necessary to summarise details of performances which are not of pressing public interest. Thus on February 21, at the first Philharmonic Concert there were no novelties. Mr. George Mount, one of the six conductors who will officiate at the Philharmonic Concerts this season, directed an anything but smooth rendering of Spohr's *Die Weihe der Töne* Symphony, but Mr. Carrodus, on the other hand, played Beethoven's violin concerto admirably, introducing, as is his custom, the cadenza written by his teacher Moliere. On February 22 the Royal Academy students had a chamber concert. On February 23 the students of the Guildhall School of Music (which now boasts of 2,000 pupils and nearly 100 professors) gave a concert in the Guildhall. The chief item of the programme was Mendelssohn's fragment *Christus*, performed by the students and the Guildhall choir and orchestra, directed by Mr. Weist Hill. On the same afternoon, in celebration of the 199th anniversary of Handel's birth, Mr. Manns directed, at the Crystal Palace, a performance of Handel's serenata *Acis and Galatea*. On the same afternoon Mdle. Janotha played Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata. Herr Joachim made his re-appearance at the Popular Concerts on February 25, and was accorded a warm welcome. His solos were taken from the six violin sonatas of Bach, which an eminent authority has declared probably nobody in Bach's time could play at all, and of which Herr Joachim is now certainly the greatest living interpreter. Herr Joachim also "led" the earlier of the two string sextets of his friend Brahms and the early quartet in G by Beethoven. Miss Santley sang and Miss Zimmermann played some of the smaller pieces of Schumann. On February 26th Mr. Willing's choir produced a scholarly setting, by Mr. E. H. Thorne, of the 57th Psalm, and likewise performed a lengthy selection from Handel's early Italian oratorio, *La Resurrezione*. Mr. Santley delivered admirably the air, "O voi dell' Erebo," already heard at the Handel Festivals. On Ash Wednesday sacred concerts were given at St. James's and the Albert Hall. At St. James's Hall Mr. Boosey's Ballad Concert artists sang, among other things, several songs from Sir Arthur Sullivan's oratorios. At the Albert Hall *Messiah* was performed under Mr. Joseph Barnby, and with the American soprano, Mrs. Whitney, Madame Patey, Messrs. Maas and King as chief artists. Special features of an all-round admirable performance were the singing, by the Albert Hall Choir, of "For unto us" (very deservedly encored), and a splendid delivery, by our English vocalist, Madame Patey, of "O thou that tellest," of "He was despised," and of "He shall feed his flock." For the last Madame Patey had twice to refuse demands for an encore made by an audience of upwards of 8,000 people. Mrs. Whitney, on the other hand, seemed unversed in our oratorio traditions. Her extraordinary phrasing in "Rejoice greatly," and her persistency in singing out of tune militated against her success; while the tremolo effects (either unwittingly, or most injudiciously assumed) in the chain of recitatives in which the angel announces the "good tidings of great joy," appeared strange to an English audience. Mrs. Whitney has a splendid voice: fine, full, powerful, and resonant; and she would do well, for English oratorios, to reject the French for the British school of vocalism.

WAIFS.—Madame Schumann will make her reappearance at next Monday's Popular Concert. The balance of profit on the Leeds Festival was 2,678*l*. The band cost 2,052*l*. principal vocalists and conductor 1,628*l*. and chorus 1,497*l*.—The music of M. Planquette's *Nell Gwynne* will be published by Messrs. Metzler next Monday.—The respected musician, Mr. C. K. Salaman, will attain his seventieth year on Monday next.—Mdle. Teresina Singer,

the celebrated Aida, has renounced the Hebrew faith, and was last week baptised at Turin Cathedral. She retired from the stage after Tuesday, and will next week marry Don E. Gimeno, of Barcelona. —M. de Pachmann announced a farewell recital on Thursday.—The popular vocalist, Miss Robertson, is about to be married, and she will retire from the profession.—Mr. Edward Oxenford has completed a humorous cantata on the subject of "Aladdin." The music is by Mr. Michael Watson, and the work will shortly be produced in London.



A MORNING PERFORMANCE of *The School for Scandal*, given at the OLYMPIC Theatre on Saturday last, brought to light a certain amount of talent and capacity in the person of a Mrs. Philip Bernard, described as "from Hong Kong," who played the part of Lady Teazle. Though failing in some degree to mark the strong revulsion of feeling and the touch of pathos which are necessary in giving effect to the scenes that follow upon the famous incident of the overturned screen, Mrs. Bernard gave a bright and pleasing interpretation of the character. Miss Dene, who is understood to have graduated in the New School of Dramatic Art, made on the same occasion a very promising debut in the part of Maria. The cast, which included Mrs. Chippendale as Mrs. Candour, Mr. W. Farren as Sir Peter, and Mr. Arthur Stirling as Sir Oliver, was more remarkable for efficiency than *matinée* special performances are apt to be.

On Monday next, a new drama by Messrs. Jones and Herman, entitled *Breaking a Butterfly*, and founded to a certain extent upon Ibsen's, the Norwegian dramatist's, play of *The Doll's House*, will take the place of *The Palace of Truth* at the new PRINCE'S Theatre. On the following Thursday Mr. Gilbert's *Dani Druce*, originally brought out at the Haymarket Theatre in 1876, will be revived at the COURT, in the place of Mr. Brander Matthews's unfortunate new comedy.

A new farcical comedy, adapted from the French by Mr. Alfred Maltby under the title of *Old Flames*, and brought out at the OPERA COMIQUE on Tuesday afternoon, is not wholly wanting in the vivacity and humorous invention appropriate to pieces of this kind, but is too loosely constructed to deserve more hearty commendation. The author plays cleverly the part of one of the gentlemen whose association with an "old flame" gives rise to much ludicrous distress; and Mr. Pateman, Mr. Wyatt, and Miss Woodworth also furnished acceptable sketches of character. The dialogue and incidents of the play would be the better for a little more refinement.

Wednesday last being Ash Wednesday, the theatres of London were, according to the terms of the Lord Chamberlain's office, closed. Some music halls, however, remained open. Mr. Wilson Barrett, released from his duties at the Princess's, took the chair that evening at the anniversary dinner of the Dramatic and Musical Sick Fund at Willis's Rooms.

Cinderella at DRURY LANE was performed for the hundredth time on Friday (29th ult.) A professional *matinée* is to be given on Monday next.

The theatre which has been so long in course of erection on the north side of Leicester Square is now approaching completion. It will be called "The Empire," and will open at Easter under the management of Mr. Alexander Henderson.

Mr. Hugh Conway, author of "Called Back," has, in collaboration with Mr. Comyns Carr, prepared a dramatic version of that popular story. It will be produced at the PRINCE'S Theatre.

The romantic play of *The Two Orphans* is to be revived at the OLYMPIC, with Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. William Rignold, and Mrs. Huntley in their original characters.

Messrs. Conquest and Pettitt's *Dead to the World* has been revived at the SURREY; and Mr. Charles Reade's *It's Never Too Late to Mend* at the GRAND Theatre, Islington. Mr. Reade's always popular play is acted by a strong cast, including Mr. A. Lyle as Tom Robinson, Mr. Frank Staunton as George Fielding, Mr. Mercer as the Rev. F. Eden, Mr. Carey as the rascally attorney, and Mr. Dempsey as the villainous Meadows. Mr. F. Hope Meriscord was moving and powerful as the old Jew, Isaac Levi.

Mr. G. Lewis announces his benefit at the BRITANNIA for Wednesday next.



THE TURF.—The Warwick Meeting calls for no special remark, and we must wait patiently till Liverpool for more stirring times. The Turf Market, however, shows activity. Sachem has been made first favourite for the Croydon International Hurdle Race; Tonans still heads the list for the Lincolnshire Handicap, with Fulmen, Florence, Wild Arab, and Prince in close attendance; St. Blaise holds her own in pride of place for the City and Suburban; and, for the Grand National, Cortolvin and Frigate reign in the place of Mohican, deposed.—General Turf news is scanty. The death of one who may almost be called a Turf celebrity may be mentioned. It is not often that a sausage-maker is born to greatness, achieves greatness, or has greatness thrust upon him; but Dick Jeffery, the sausage-maker of Newmarket, was a man of great renown, and one of the best-known characters to *habitués* of the racing metropolis. He was the father of Harry Jeffery, the jockey. He died on Saturday last, and will be much missed.

COURSING.—Taking it all in all, the recent Waterloo Coursing Meeting was a great success, and in no degree suffered from the great Kempton Meeting preceding it. Indeed, there never was a larger attendance at Altcar; and, what is better, the behaviour of the crowd showed a marked improvement. The weather was fine, the trials excellent, and the judging most satisfactory. The only complaints heard were those of the backers of favourite nominations, as not one of these gave a chance to their supporters by getting into the last four. The quartette to whom this honour fell were all outsiders on the night of the draw, Middleton and Petrarch standing at 40 to 1, Greentick at 50 to 1, and Mineral Water, the absolute winner, at 100 to 1. The backers of favourites, however, for their individual courses had a pretty good time of it. The winner had recently performed but poorly at Kempton; and, therefore, it is no wonder that professional prophets were out of the hunt.

FOOTBALL.—Oxford and Cambridge played a splendid Association game last Saturday at the Oval, and though Cambridge got two goals in the last quarter of an hour, and Oxford made no score, it would be difficult to say which was the better team. Cambridge has now won seven of these annual matches and Oxford four.

CRICKET.—Sir William Hart-Dyke, M.P., a good all-round sportsman and athlete, has been elected President of the Kent County Cricket Club for the ensuing season. The Committee have

decided to form a Second County Eleven, of which Mr. Philip Hilton will be Captain; Lord Harris retaining the captaincy of the first.—The Philadelphian cricketers hope to reach London during the last week of May next, and intend doing some practice against the bowling of Peate and Flowers before entering the lists against the Gentlemen of Sussex. They wish to meet our best amateurs, not in the hope of showing their superiority to them, but for the sake of learning from them.

ANGLING.—Anglers are always glad to hear of big fish; and a big carp receives a special welcome among the humbler members of the gentle craft. One of 9½ lbs. has been taken out of the backwater at Walton-on-the-Thames, where it was nearly stranded, and returned to the river. George Hone, the fisherman, was the kindly manager of this little affair.—Now that pretty full reports have come to hand, it is satisfactory to find that the last salmon season in the United Kingdom was about the best on record, both for the nets and the rods. The present season, as far as it has gone, notwithstanding the heavy floods in many districts, seems to promise as well, if not better.

COACHING.—Preparations are already being made for the coming "butterfly" coaching season. Mr. Sheather again takes the "Perseverance" coach to run to Dorking and Boxhill over the Surrey Hills. The "Wonder" will again journey into Herts. Mr. Walter Shoolbred will horse and run the "New Times" to Guildford, and will appear on the road early in the season. Mr. Selby will start the "Old Times" to Virginia Water. A coach to Brighton, under new proprietorship, will come upon the road earlier this season than in preceding years, whilst coaches to Windsor, Uxbridge, Richmond, and other localities will appear on the road later on. Coaches running cross roads to Margate, Canterbury, and Folkestone, &c., will crop up in due time for the summer season. Coaches running out of London will make the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, the principal starting-point. Why should not some enterprising proprietor start a "butterfly" for a daily trip through part of Epping Forest to some spot in Essex, notwithstanding the difficulties of exit and entrance in the Eastward district of London?

PEDESTRIANISM.—Weston left Cheltenham on Saturday, and has visited Bristol and Bath. On Tuesday he had completed 4,200 of his 5,000 miles, and thus by this time he may be fairly said to see the beginning of the end of his arduous journey.—At Eton the mile race has been won by Lord Newtown Butler, who beat five competitors, and did the distance in 4 min. 52½ sec.

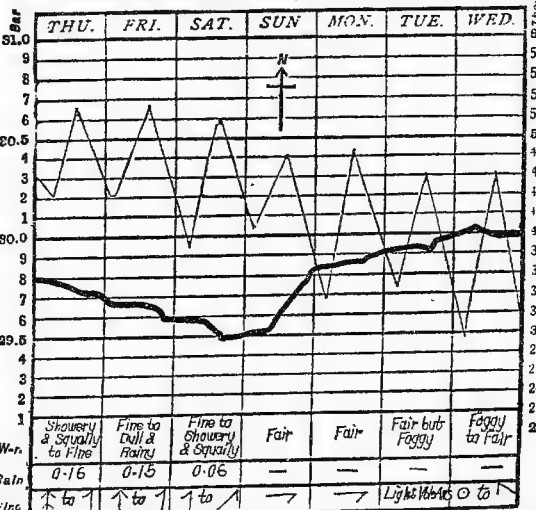
LACROSSE.—We are to have another visit of some crack Lacrosse players from America and Canada, and a large number of matches are already arranged for them. The game is steadily making its way among us, but as yet does not threaten to supplant football.—In recent matches London, though short of several of its best men, has beaten Kensington anyhow; Hampstead has played a draw with the Second Twelve of Dulwich; and Cambridge University has defeated the first.

THE TIDAL THAMES

ONE of the rooms in the Fine Art Society's establishment in New Bond Street is now furnished with a series of seventy water-colour drawings by Mr. W. L. Wyllie. These works, which illustrate the Thames from the Pool to the Sea, are of moderate size, and most of them seem to have been painted directly from nature, and not retouched. They bear evidence of immediate observation, and have, in an eminent degree, the charm that belongs to competent out-door work. Mr. Wyllie has the happy faculty of perceiving and rapidly recording those features of a scene that constitute its essential character. His studies are distinguished accordingly by unity of effect, and vividly impress the spectator with a sense of their truth. In a few of the drawings, "Prince's Channel," for instance, and "Gravesend Watermen," the sky is not quite in keeping, as regards colour, with the permanent feature of the scene, but in most cases, the right relation of every part of the subject to the rest has been maintained. "The Goodwins," with fragments of wreck appearing above the waves, and a wide stretch of sand in the foreground, is an excellent study full of suffused light and suggestive of vast space. The drawing of "Leigh Flats—Low Water," besides being singularly luminous, is noticeable for the artistic and truthful way in which the varied surfaces of the water-worn rocks are indicated. "Cement Works, Northfleet," with a forest of tall chimneys imperfectly seen through the smoke-laden atmosphere, and "Black Diamonds," a study for the fine picture now exhibiting at the Royal Institute, are admirable examples of the artist's work. Every drawing in the room, however, will be found worthy of attention.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

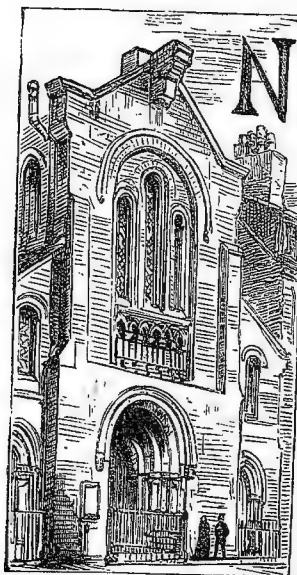
FROM FEB. 21 TO FEB. 27, 1884 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has been fair generally, with frequent showers in all parts of the country, and thunder and lightning in the west and north. During the early part of the week barometrical pressure was lowest off our north-western coasts, and highest over the south-east of France, the prevailing winds being from the southward and south-westward. The weather was tolerably fine over our south-eastern districts, but cloudy and rainy in the west. In the course of Saturday (23rd ult.) a shallow depression passed over the south of Scotland in an easterly direction, and produced strong westerly winds in the Channel. In its rear the barometer rose briskly (well marked in the above chart). The wind veered to the north-west, and gradually moderated, and cold weather prevailed generally, with mist or light fog in many places. By Wednesday (27th ult.) an area of high pressure had formed over Scandinavia and Denmark, while a depression lay off the south-west of Ireland, so that south-easterly winds became general over our islands, with calms along our southern coasts. Temperature fell below the freezing point at many of our inland stations during Tuesday night (26th ult.), the thermometer on the grass in London recording 20°. The barometer was highest (30.02 inches) on Wednesday (27th ult.); lowest (29.50 inches) on Saturday (23rd ult.); range, 0.52 inch. Temperature was (29.50 inches) on Thursday and Friday (21st and 22nd ult.); lowest (30°) on Wednesday (27th ult.); range, 2°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.37 inch. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.16 inch, on Thursday (21st ult.)

SOME OF THE OLD CITY CHURCHES



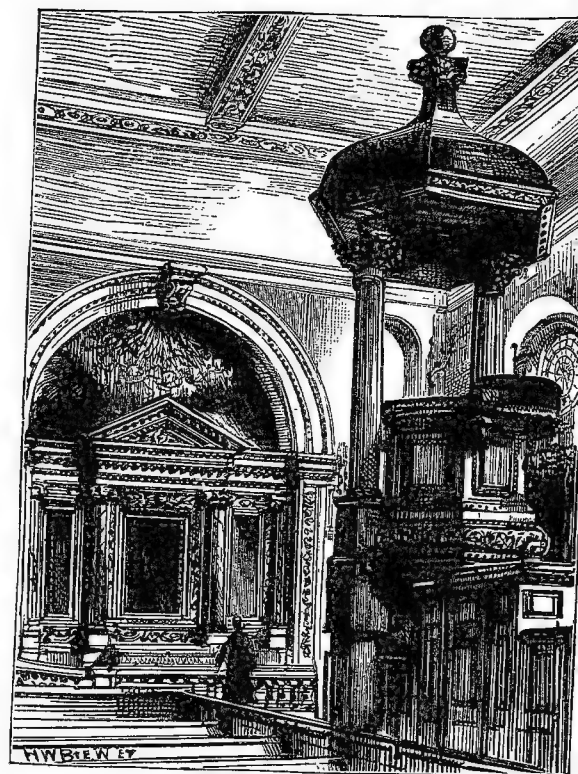
ST. THOMAS'S, IN THE LIBERTY OF THE ROLLS

NOTWITHSTANDING the various protests which have again and again been issued against the destruction of the churches in the City, the work of demolition still continues, and this in the face of warnings which certainly deserve more consideration than they have hitherto received. Amongst these we may notice that the late Lord Mayor suggested the erection of buildings in the City to serve as dwelling houses, showing that there was, in his lordship's opinion, a chance of people returning to live in the City.* Then there is the published declaration of a London clergyman to the effect that the new churches erected in the suburbs of London out of the proceeds of the sales of the City churches are worse attended than the buildings which were pulled down.† Then, from an artistic point of view, we have the warning of Mr. William Morris, that the grand effect of St. Paul's will be ruined when it is deprived of the

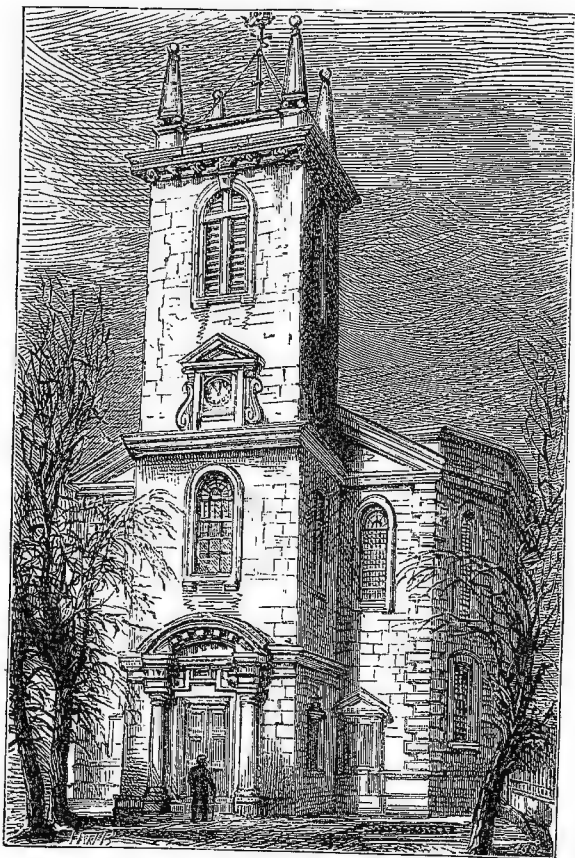
little church towers and spires which Wren designed in such a way as to enhance the majesty of his great dome. We would also point out to those who are instrumental in this work of demolition that what is now to be witnessed at St. Matthew's, Friday Street, is a painful sight, and one scarcely edifying to see: here is a church in course of demolition, covered with notices as to conditions of sale, with the numbers of the various "lots" painted upon



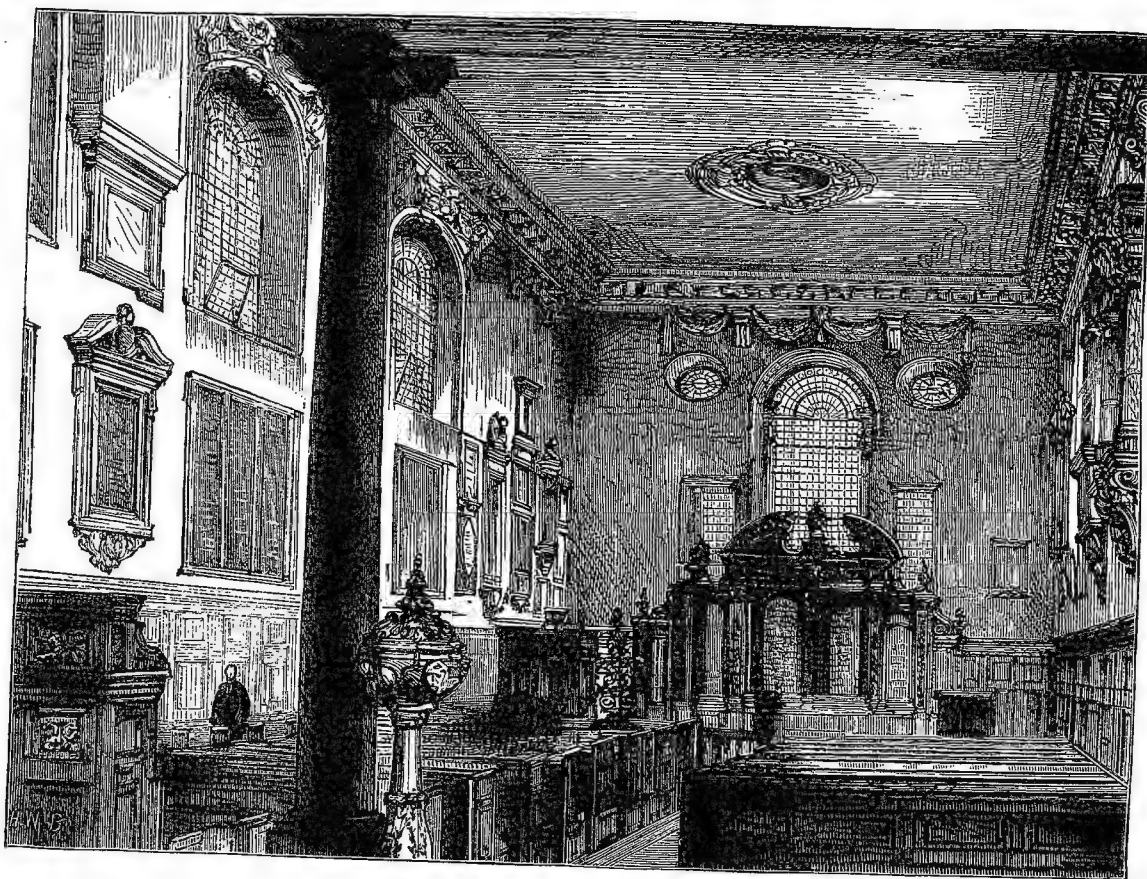
ST. MATTHEW'S, FRIDAY STREET



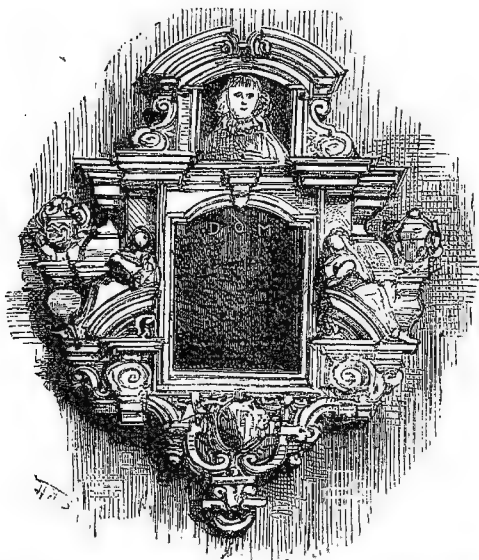
ST. CATHERINE COLEMAN, FENCHURCH STREET



EXTERIOR OF ST. OLAVE'S, OLD JEWRY



INTERIOR OF ST. OLAVE'S, OLD JEWRY



MONUMENT TO LADY HEIGHAM, ST. CATHERINE COLEMAN

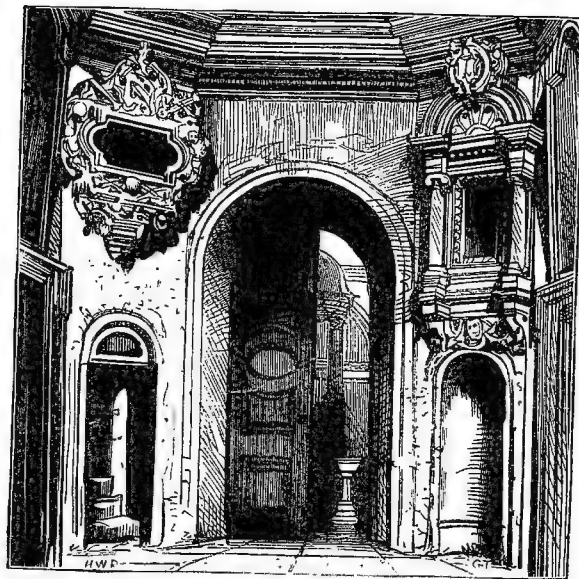
different portions of the building. Such a sight as this is not calculated to raise the reverence of the population for sacred things, and must be excessively painful to those who have worshipped in the sacred edifice, or whose relations sleep beneath it. When one walks through London, and notices the number of unoccupied spaces in and about the City, the conclusion forces itself upon the mind that there can really be no necessity for the wholesale destruction of these buildings. Yet within the past few years no less than twenty churches have been pulled down; and now, at the present time, four more are either in course of demolition, or "condemned." They are the following:—

St. Olave, Old Jewry; St. Matthew, Friday Street; St. Catherine Coleman, Fenchurch Street; St. Thomas in the Liberty of the Rolls.

St. Olave, Old Jewry, was founded in very early times, as is evident from the fact that in the year 1181 there was a report made to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, representing it in a decayed condition. It was in that year made over by the Dean and Chapter to the Priory of Butley in Suffolk, and (according to Maitland) the Canons of Butley were made answerable to the Bishop of London. Maitland's statement is not very intelligible, but it appears that the Canons of Butley had to serve this church, and partly serve that of St. Stephen in Coleman Street, for which they were to receive 4s. per annum! In 1322 a new arrangement was made, by which the Bishop had the appointment of the Vicar, the church, however, still remaining the property of Butley Priory. In 1456 St. Stephen's

* See speech of the Lord Mayor at the dinner of the "Improvement Committee," April 16th, 1883.

† See letter by the Rev. J. J. Coxhead in the *Times*, June 5th, 1879.



PORCH OF ST. CATHERINE COLEMAN, FENCHURCH STREET

ROYAL
ARTILLERY
MAJOR G. F. BLACKWOOD
CAPTAIN J. C. ROBINSON
LIEUT. E. C. OSBORNE
LIEUT. H. MACLAINE
LIEUT. D. RADCLIFFE

COMMISSARIAT
DEPARTMENT
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL
A. M. SHEWELL
MAJOR
T. W. SANDERS

2ND BATTALION
7TH ROYAL FUSILIERS
LIEUT. COL. A. C. DAUBENY
MAJOR F. EVANDELEUR
LIEUT. H. J. DIVE
LIEUT. E. S. MARSH

1ST BATTALION
11TH FOOT
LIEUT. W. H. BISHOP
MAJOR A. A. WEICHAL

66TH REGIMENT
LIEUT. COL. J. CALVERT
MAJOR C. V. OLIVER
CAPT. E. S. GARRETT
CAPT. F. J. GILLEN
CAPT. W. H. RICHES
LIEUT. R. T. GUTHRIE
LIEUT. A. HONYWOOD
LIEUT. W. R. OLNEY
LIEUT. H. J. DARR

78TH HIGH LANDERS
CAPT. T. A. B. SARGENT
POONA HORSE
LIEUT. COL.
R. C. T. STEVENSON
3RD BOMBAY CAVALRY
LIEUT. V. C. OWEN
3RD SIND HORSE
MAJOR W. REYNOLDS

1ST ORDNANCE
LIEUT. C. W. HINDE
LIEUT. C. G. WHITEY
LIEUT. F. WHITTUCK
4TH BOMBAY RIFLES
LIEUT. COL. C. B. CRISPIN
1ST NATIVE LIGHT INFANTRY
CAPTAIN F. HEATH
8TH NATIVE INFANTRY
LIEUT. COL. L. C. BROWN

10TH NATIVE LIGHT INFANTRY
LIEUT. W. S. WOODCOMBE
13TH NATIVE INFANTRY
LIEUT. C. B. DOWN
19TH NATIVE INFANTRY
MAJOR R. J. L. P. TRENCH
MAJOR S. J. WALDEY
LIEUT. F. C. STAYNER
21ST NATIVE INFANTRY
CAPTAIN F. BECKE

23RD NATIVE
LIGHT INFANTRY
SURGEON MAJOR J. SIMPSON
28TH NATIVE INFANTRY
LIEUT. COL. W. H. NEWPORT
29TH NATIVE INFANTRY
LIEUT. COL. C. NICHOLLETT
LIEUT. J. F. M. CAMPBELL
SURGEON MAJOR E. MOULTON

30TH NATIVE INFANTRY
CAPTAIN H. F. SMITH
CAPTAIN C. F. BAUCH
LIEUT. W. H. JUSTICE
LIEUT. D. COLE
INDIAN MEDICAL
DEPARTMENT
SURGEON B. L. DUTT
VETERINARY DEPARTMENT
LIEUT. SURGEON F. BLANSHARD
NET SURGEON F. C. CONSTANT

TO THE GLORY OF GOD AND IN MEMORY OF THE OFFICERS WHOSE NAMES ARE WRITTEN ABOVE AND THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE BOMBAY ARMY WHO DIED IN THE AFGHAN WAR A.D. 1879-1881

AFGHAN WAR MEMORIALS RECENTLY PLACED IN COLABA CHURCH, BOMBAY

Mr. A. M. Bose	Mr. Kashinath T. Telang	Mr. Pearson	Mr. Ranganada Mudliar	Professor Deighton	Mr. Rice (Secretary)	Haji Ghulam Hasan	Mr. Fowler	Mr. Jacob	Mr. Ward
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Hon. Babu Bhudeb Mukerjee Rev. W. R. Blackett Mr. Lee Warner Rev. Dr. Jean Mr. Howell Mr. Hunter (President) Rev. W. Miller Mr. Crof Mr. Saiaid Mahmud Mr. Browning

THE MEMBERS OF THE INDIAN EDUCATION COMMISSION
WHOSE REPORT HAS BEEN RECENTLY ISSUED

was made into a separate parish. The dedication to St. Olave was not an uncommon one in London: no less than three other churches still exist in the City bearing the name of this Saint. England certainly owed a debt of gratitude to St. Olave, or Olaf, King of Norway, for the assistance which he afforded our Saxon forefathers against the Danes in the year 1008. The Danes had taken entire possession of London, and fortified London Bridge, but Olaf, who was the ally of Ethelred "the Unready," and a great contrast in every way to that miserable monarch, undertook to force the passage of the river, which he effected by attaching a number of boats full of soldiers to the piers of the bridge, who, when the tide was running out, pulled vigorously away with their oars and brought the whole bridge (which, of course, was constructed of wood) down with a crash. The greater part of the Danish army were on the bridge at the time, and were so terrified that London was surrendered to Ethelred. While, however, Olaf was helping the Saxons the Danes invaded his kingdom, and he was ultimately murdered in his attempt to introduce Christianity amongst his own people, many of whom resented it as a change in their laws and customs. The magnificent cathedral of Drontheim, or Trondjem, was erected in his memory. The ancient church of St. Olave Jewry, called "St. Olave's Upwell," was destroyed by the Fire of London, and the present edifice was erected from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren immediately after that dire event. It is a good example of a small plain church, consisting of a single nave with a western tower. The east end and the tower are faced with Portland stone. Internally, there is some good carving about the altar-piece, pulpit, and organ loft, and a very handsome marble font, with an elegant cover. The monuments are not very remarkable, and are purely of local interest. Several of them, however, are fairly well executed; two of the earliest memorials are to Ephraim Skinner, 1678, who was Consul at Levorne (Leghorn?), and Sir Nathaniel Hearne, Sheriff, Alderman, and Governor of the East India Company, 1679.

When St. Mildred's in the Poultry was destroyed the parish was united to this, and some of the monuments were re-erected in this church. An inscription upon the organ loft records the fact that the church was repaired in 1837, 1841, 1849, 1857, and 1874, so that it cannot be said to have been neglected or allowed to fall out of repair.

St. Matthew, Friday Street, is now a ruin, and in a few weeks it will have entirely disappeared. It was one of the smallest and plainest of Wren's churches, and occupied the site of a former one destroyed in the Fire of London. Of the ancient building little is known. It would appear, however, from the ruins now to be seen, that some portion of the tower may have escaped the fire, as there is a slightly pointed Gothic arch and a newel staircase in the angle which certainly looks earlier than Wren's time. The building consisted of a single nave with a small tower at the south-western angle. The east front, which came up to Friday Street, was faced with Portland stone, and ornamented with pilasters between the windows. The interior was neatly, though somewhat plainly fitted up.

The Church of St. Catherine Coleman, in Fenchurch Street, dates no further back than the reign of George II. The building which it replaced had escaped the Fire of London, and was of considerable antiquity; it, however, became so ruinous that it was pulled down and rebuilt, the work being completed about the year 1742, as an Act of Parliament passed in that year to enable the parishioners to raise money to pay off the debt upon the new church seems to prove. It appears that the cost of the building was 3,350*l*. It is a plain but substantial brick building, with stone dressings, and has a square embattled tower at the west end. Internally it is a good example of a thoroughly Protestant Church of its period, with high pews, "three-decker pulpit," small Communion table, deep organ gallery, &c. All the workmanship is, however, thoroughly good. The pews, pulpit, Communion table, &c., are of solid oak. To those who regard encaustic tiles, stained glass, and polished brasswork as essential to ecclesiastical architecture, St. Catherine's would appear rather a dull place of worship; it is, however, very interesting, as showing exactly what a pattern church of George II.'s time was. They were so particular that this church should be "up to the mark" that a model was submitted to the Government of the day!

The monuments are numerous, and several of those which were brought from the old church are very interesting examples of memorial tablets. The finest is that to the memory of Lady Heigham, *temp*. Charles I., of which we give a sketch. It is a most elegant piece of design, probably Flemish or German, certainly not English work. The Heighams lived at East Ham, in Essex; the curious old church there is full of their monuments. The lady who is recorded in this pretty memorial was wife to Richard Heigham, Gentleman Pensioner to King Charles I.; she died in 1634.

The fourth church which has been condemned is St. Thomas, in the Liberty of the Rolls. It is a small building in imitation Norman style, and is a singularly uninteresting example of the Gothic revival; it is chiefly built of brick, and utterly worthless from an antiquarian or art point of view.

H. W. BREWER



RURAL NOTES

WELLS are not the direct source of water supply in many towns nowadays, but water companies in most parishes are still unknown, and three Englishmen out of five drink well-water. It is therefore a rather serious matter to find that a freeholder may poison his neighbours' wells with impunity. The legal maxim has run for centuries, "Cujus est terra ejus est ad cœlum et ad inferum." This maxim received, also a long while since, the judicial gloss that a man might, by sinking a deeper well, take away his neighbour's well-water altogether, it being of course understood that the land belonged to the man who sank the well. Quite recently, however, a case has arisen where the owner of a disused well, to save expense, made it into a cesspit, and thereby—the soil being porous chalk—poisoned his neighbour's well. The case came on for decision before Mr. Justice Pearson, when that legal luminary, adding Gloss No. 2 to Gloss No. 1, held that the cesspool maker was within his rights. Is it not time for legislation to take this subject in hand?

HENLEY.—Sport in England is a powerful "interest," and the proceedings of its supporters are to be criticised with respect, but might we venture to suggest that there may be another side to the question of "cutting off the bend" by Henley, and making a straight course? The river, which makes a long and very beautiful curve round the Lion Meadow, embraces many score miles of reaches, and a good racing course could easily be found elsewhere than opposite Phillis Court. A long straight line of shore would be beneficial to the sight-seers on the two racing days, but how about the residents at Henley and the frequenters of the river throughout the rest of the year? If racing men will pardon a purely "rural" suggestion, the evil consists not in the bend so much as in its favouring one side throughout. A course containing two bends, somewhat in the shape of a capital S, adds interest to the contest, and such a course can be found at fifty places on the Thames. If rowing between straight banks is everything, there is the Regent's Canal.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.—The competing proposals of the Duke of Richmond and Lord Carlisle seem scarcely to admit of compromise, for while his Grace says plainly, "Enact that the Privy Council shall do" a particular thing, his Lordship says "Leave the Privy Council free to exercise their own discretion." The settlement of the matter will probably be left to facts. Has the Privy Council's discretion in the past been more conspicuous by its presence or by its absence? Who is satisfied with the Privy Council's discretion? Are the farmers? Are the consumers? Those who pooh-pooh the whole agitation complain of the severe restrictions imposed, while the Chambers of Agriculture say that if disease had been stopped at the ports the restrictions would never have been needed. The ordinary public will probably say, "Settle the matter once and for all," and considering all the trouble the Government have had over the question, it is almost incredible that they should propose to have it all up again two years hence.

THE USE OF ENSILAGE is in nothing more apparent than in the means it affords to farmers of combating adverse weather influences. Thus last year the Earl of Seafield had on his Banff farm a small field of oats so badly grubbed that re-sowing became necessary. The second seeding, however, had not time to ripen, and was cut green in the first week of October. Lord Seafield determined to make ensilage of it, so he had a pit excavated 16 feet square and 9 feet deep, and into this 26 tons of stuff were put, covered with battens and weights, and left for a fortnight, when the mass having sunk considerably another 12 tons were added. After another week 10 tons more were put in, and then 26 tons of sand put on the top supplied pressure to the extent of 224*lb*. to the foot. The cost of the silo and the filling was covered by a ten-pound note, and excellent ensilage was produced, the stock on the farm taking to it more readily than to any ordinary new food.

SHEEP in the North have benefited greatly by the mildness of the winter, while through the non-requirement of hand or artificial feeding in the hill districts flock-owners have escaped a heavy item in their usual debit account. Those who bought sheep in the autumn—mostly the Lowland farmers—have not made a good thing of the transaction, for the very high prices then prevailing have been abated at least a penny per pound. Lambing in the Lowlands has begun already, and an exceptionally good fall of lambs is looked for. In the Highlands the lambing season will not be until Easter.

ST. DAVID'S DAY.—The 1st of March reminds us of the leek, which, although worn only by Welshmen on that day, may then be sown by any farmer or gardener with profit. The seed should be put into a seed-bed made up in a cold frame. As soon as the plants are two or three inches high they are planted out in permanent beds to grow into size fit for use. The usual practice is when planting out to draw drills, and the plants are put into these shallow trenches. The best weather for this operation is a mild and showery period, and the plants should be put rather deeply into the ground. The Musselburgh leek is considered by many gardeners the best variety, and the soil cannot be too rich for this vegetable. Leeks cut up and boiled with milk used to be esteemed a remedy for colds, and we believe there are good reasons for belief in this beneficial property.

THE CART HORSE SHOW—held Tuesday to Friday—has demonstrated the great advance lately made in breeding, as it brought together a larger number of first-class heavy horses than would have been possible say ten years ago. Imitation is favourable criticism, and America thus, by forming a Cart Horse Show, is commending the work of the English Cart Horse Society.



FASHIONS

THERE is something in the name of March so suggestive of sunshine and biting winds that our first thoughts turn to warm but stylish tailor-made dresses as calculated to look well, and feel comfortable under the two combinations. Bearing this in mind we recently paid a visit to a well-known maker of tailor-made costumes, and saw many suitable for this month, amongst which were "The Fife Costume," which was made of claret-coloured fine cloth, jacket, and drapery, over a dark green and claret check, a *toque* hat to match.—Another, called "The Wales," was in Havana brown cloth, combined with a lighter shade check drapery, the folds arranged in points to the hem. A third was a brown and stone shepherd check, touched up with brown velvet and fancy cord trimmings.—A very stylish costume was of granite mixture, Scotch Angola, made with a short jacket and waistcoat, and tabbed skirt.—A smoke-green very fine Scotch tweed was made with what in tailor parlance is called ribbings to the skirt; jacket with *revers*, waistcoat, and cuffs of small checks. Crinolettes are very much reduced in size for tailor-made dresses. One of the newest spring walking dresses there was quite a revival of an obsolete style. It was made of chocolate-brown Scotch Angola, with a plain round skirt put into a band with gathers in front and large pleats at the back, a sac, fastened at the chest with one button, over a check waistcoat.

Riding-habits are now made in all shades of cloth; they are no longer confined to the invisible greens and blues that used to be *de rigueur*; a new shade of smoke-blue cloth makes a very stylish habit. The Ulster is quite superseded by the Newmarket coat, which is certainly a far natter garment for a good figure. Two which were made in bronze-green and in Havana brown, had, the one a single shoulder cape, the other six flat capes. Many dresses are being made in corduroy; one looked very handsome in stone-coloured skirt and plastron of that material, combined with a darker shade of Scotch tweed. Unless corduroy is of the very best quality it soon looks shabby. A very soft and elegant material for the spring is a superfine serge made in all the newest shades and colours. "Queen Cloth" is still much in favour, and likely to continue so on account of its durability and the soft folds into which it falls.

In the course of our *tournee* we were shown some very elegant model costumes and mantles from Worth, Augustine Martin, Pingat, and other well-known and first-class Parisian houses. One particularly stylish dress was made of cream fine beige and chestnut brown velvet. Another was a subtle combination of bronze-green and grey *merveilleux* brocaded with pink, and shot with silver; the effect was very soft and elegant. A third was of shot pink and grey silk, elaborately trimmed with claret-coloured velvet and Chantilly lace.

A few spring mantles, just arrived from Paris, are worthy of description. For a cold day was a mantle of Lyons velvet, with wide square ends in front, handsomely trimmed with *passementerie*, reaching to the hem of the skirt. By the way, these square long ends will be the leading fashion this season. Those of our readers who have a short velvet jacket which they have put aside as quite out of fashion may now trim it with a full deep flounce of Spanish or Chantilly lace, replace the velvet by gathered lace sleeves, which are among the novelties of the coming season, and a wide falling plastron of lace, and the garment will be in the height of Parisian fashion.—A new material, called "Elastic Cloth," is much used for walking jackets. It is a species of stockette, but thinner and warmer; trimmed with braid, or braided in a pattern, it is a very serviceable outdoor garment.

We saw several pretty costumes for bridesmaids in the course of last month, and will describe a few for the benefit of our country readers who wish to prepare for weddings to come off after Easter. For those who like plenty of colour and contrast, the following dresses would prove very attractive. The skirts were of bright gold-coloured brocade, the upper dress was of the same hue, but in satin *merveilleux*; collars and cuffs of a beautiful shade of olive-green, which toned down and blended with the yellow most artistically. Large hats of olive-green velvet and ostrich feathers. This description sounds a trifle gaudy, but it was quite the reverse, so judiciously were the shades chosen. At most of the fashionable weddings the bride's train is carried by a boy relative dressed as a page in velvet and lace. Another set of bridesmaids' dresses were made of primrose-coloured cashmere trimmed with brown marabout, brown hats, and gloves to match. A third set wore bodices and tunics of pearl-grey cashmere, with rose-coloured waistcoats, and tunics of grey brocaded silk; grey bonnets with rose-coloured feathers; bouquets of pink roses. These dresses looked rather too cool for winter, but are suitable for Spring. Four bridal dresses were respectively: No. 1, dress and train of white satin, trimmed with lace, orange-blossom, and myrtle; Honiton lace veil fastened with two diamond sprays over a wreath of orange-blossom; No. 2 wore a cream-coloured satin petticoat with a brocaded velvet train, and bodice trimmed with lace, veil over a wreath of rich orange-blossom fastened with a diamond spray; No. 3, a petticoat of ivory satin, trimmed with Brussels lace, bodice and train of rich brocade, wreath of real orange-blossom, and lace veil; No. 4 was of ivory satin made *en sacque* with a long plain train; over a wreath of orange-blossom was a plain tulle veil fastened with five diamond stars. For a youthful bride a plain tulle veil is preferable by far to the richest and most elaborate of figured lace, as the pattern has a tiresome habit of coming on the tip of the nose, or over one eye, or in any case produces a patchy appearance; of course, if the bride is past the bloom of youth, and would fain conceal the ravages of time, let her by all means wear a Honiton veil. Guests at the wedding who occupy no prominent official position will probably like to have some description of the dresses worn by outsiders, if we may use the term, on these occasions. In arranging a costume as guest at a wedding it is desirable to ascertain what will be the prevailing colours of the bridesmaids' dresses, and not only to endeavour to avoid clashing with them, but also to try to produce a harmonious background for them. A very elegant costume from Paris was worn by a young matron; it was of smoke-blue silk and cashmere, embroidered in chenille swallows, shaded from the darkest brown to white. The short round skirt was made with alternate groups of killing and plain breadths; on the latter were the birds; the pointed bodice and tunic were of cashmere, the skirt caught up high on the left hip; on the left shoulder three birds embroidered; hat, turned up on the left side, of smoke-blue satin and dark shade of velvet, with a long ostrich feather drooping over the ear, and a bouquet of shaded ostrich tips in front; a small rose pink wing was the only bit of colour in this charming toilette. Greys, browns, ruby, claret, purple, and even black, touched up with a bit of colour, are safe to be worn on these occasions. At a recent wedding two costumes were much admired; one was a mixture of chestnut brown and satin trimmed with antique Cluny lace, the other was a combination of ruby velvet and old gold satin, trimmed with old point. At a recent grand wedding in Paris one of the toilettes most noticeable was made of Persian lilac-coloured velvet, a long square train, with a brocaded satin *tablier* over a pleated flounce; pale lilac satin waistcoat embroidered in shaded silk. A small velvet *capote* spotted with gold, tufts of *glycines* and satin ribbon; satin strings fastened to the corsage by a diamond daisy brooch.

Two very stylish evening dresses were recently given by the *Revue de la Mode*, a thoroughly trustworthy authority upon Parisian fashions. The one was of pink and black, with white lace; the petticoat and upper skirt was of white lace, draped with long loops and ends of black velvet ribbon. At the back, and draped across the front, was soft pink silk, mixed with black velvet loops and ends; low black velvet corsage, with a fanciful *fichu* of pink silk, filled in with lace, short sleeves and collar of lace; tuft of pink feathers in the hair. The other was of pale blue and white; two deep flounces of white lace, with a short puffed tunic, train, and square-cut bodice of *mousseline de soie*, velvet braces, and lace sleeves, velvet and diamond collar; wreath and bouquets of pink roses on the skirt, roses and blue *aigrette* of ostrich tips in the hair. A costume for a slim figure was made with four deep flounces of tambour muslin, over-dress and long pointed bodice of olive green plush, open in front, with a wide lace ruff turned, elbow sleeves, with three deep pulls, the upper one of plush, the lower two in muslin; this costume may be made in velvet and satin, or cashmere.

The greatest novelty of the period, and we may add the most extravagant, is velvet flowers, made exactly to imitate Nature; but with diamond centres. Sometimes these gems simply represent drops of dew—the larger the better. These flowers are worn for dress occasions, in the bonnet, or head-dress, as ear-rings, brooches, &c. Jewellery, real and sometimes imitation, is worn for all occasions, for example, the bonnet strings are fastened with fantastic ornaments in enamel—petals of flowers, or small insects, such as ladybirds, flies, spiders, and beetles.

One more dress for a young girl making her first appearance at a grown-up ball, and we have done for this month. Petticoat of cream-white silk, trimmed at the hem with quillings and ruchings of gauze and lace; white gauze upper dress, gracefully draped with bows of ribbon and small bouquets of flowers; *corsage à la vierge* of gauze over a silk lining; round waist a satin sash, tied at the back with two long loops and ends.



LEGAL

THE PRESIDENT of the Chester Liberal Three Hundred having resigned on the plea that not only he himself but counsel consulted on the point are of opinion that the Corrupt Practices Act makes membership of such an organisation dangerous, the Attorney-General, the framer of the measure, has written stating, *per contra*, it is all nonsense to say that it is not safe to belong to a political association.

THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL, lecturing at Hackney on "State Interference with Personal Liberty," defended the Government from the charge of interfering in its legislation with freedom of contract in a manner and a degree inconsistent with Liberal principles. The Agricultural Holdings Act of last Session, and by implication the Irish Land Act, were, he contended, like the Truck Acts and the Merchant Shipping Acts, no innovations but developments of the ancient common law, and of beneficent legislation more than a century and a half old.

IN ACTIONS BROUGHT BEFORE MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS against the Great Eastern Railway Company by Prebendary Brereton and his brother, General Brereton, for severe injuries sustained by them while travelling on the line, the jury awarded to the former 4,000*l*., and to the latter 5,500*l*. of damages. Prebendary Brereton was Chairman of the Governing Body of the Cavendish College at

Cambridge, and has been disabled from exertion as well as crippled by the accident. After leaving the army General Brereton had qualified himself to become an estate-agent, for which vocation he is now incapacitated. The primary cause of the accident was the loosening of a nut which secured the balance-weight under an engine, and which the jury were of opinion had not been properly screwed when the train started.

IN AN ACTION BROUGHT IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION by the editor of a weekly journal, who, after dismissal, sued its proprietor on various pleas, Mr. Justice Day gave it as his opinion that a person employed as an editor was entitled to something more than the month's notice usual in the case of domestic service, and said that probably the jury would think six months reasonable notice under the circumstances. In assessing the damages the jury acted on this suggestion.

IN THE ACTION FOR BREACH OF PROMISE to be brought against Lord Garmoye by Miss Finney, professionally Miss Fortescue, of the Savoy Theatre, the damages are laid at 30,000/.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT has nominally ceased, but recalcitrant debtors are still imprisoned for contempt of Court, when judgments have been obtained against them, and they have been judicially ordered to satisfy the claims of their creditors. However, an Act of Parliament was passed in 1856 by which the society founded in 1772 for the discharge and relief of persons imprisoned for small debts were authorised to apply its surplus income to other charitable objects. During the past year this surplus amounted to upwards of 4,000/., which Mr. Justice Chitty, on the application of the office-bearers of the society, has ordered to be distributed among a number of charities, ranging from hospitals to discharged prisoners' aid societies.



MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON AND CO.—A pair of very dainty Italian songs are: No. 1, "L'Organetto"; No. 2, "Stornello," the music for both is by Angelo Samuelli, the words of the former are by L. Stecchetti, of the latter by E. Golisciani. Both will be highly appreciated by a cultivated audience.—The words by Violet Fane, and the music by Mrs. Cadwallader Adams, of a pathetic ballad, "Farewell," are highly to be commended for an *après midi*, or afternoon tea; the compass is for a pure soprano.—There is always something sympathetic in old Irish melodies. "Dear Land of My Fathers" (Bonny Portmore), an Irish melody, the words written and the music arranged by Wellington Guernsey, is no exception to this rule; it will prove a useful addition to the portfolio of a light baritone.—A coquettish little song for an *encore* to one of a more serious character is "Thady and I" (I Was a Simple Country Girl), by Richard Harvey, compass from D below the lines to F on the fifth line.—Two pieces for the pianoforte of more than ordinary merit, by the clever young composer, Lillie Albrecht, are: "Gavotte in D major," a bright and original melody, and "Gigue" in G major, a meet companion for the above.—Very graceful and dreamy is "Révérie," for the pianoforte, by Carlo Ducci, junr. It only extends over three pages, and may quickly be learnt by heart. Every one who hears it will say, or, at all events, think, "How very short!"

MESSRS. OSBORN AND TUCKWOOD.—A song of the domesticated school, which will stir the warmest feelings of the heart, is "Homewards," written and composed by Lindsay Lennox and Odoardo Barri, published in G and in B flat. A merry contrast to the above is "Cousin Madge," the naive words are by F. W. Waltham, the music by George E. Iles, published in D and in F.—A tenor or baritone will find "Ever Faithful, Ever True," a very sentimental song for the drawing-room, written and composed by Edwin H. Morris and Anton Exonia, suitable for a musical "At Home," or the family circle.—A catching melody and hearty words will win favour for "Odd-Fellowship" (song and chorus) beyond the circle of "all Odd Fellows," to which it is dedicated; the words are by Bro. Samuel Newman (Sheriff of Norwich), the music by Bro. C. J. Campling.—"Back from the Fight," a spirited tale of a soldier's departure for and return from the wars, written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and Arthur Carnall, published in two keys, will win universal favour.—Equally popular in its way is "Our Little Craft," a cheerful song of the sea, published in C and D, words by Marlow, music by Henry Stanislaus.—This composer has also published two very charming pieces for the pianoforte: "Noyau" (Sarabande) and "Epineuse" (Rigadon); both are very suitable for after-dinner execution.—In the same style, if not quite so original, is "Danse Moderne," composed by Sidney H. French.—"Antonina," a pleasing and unpretentious waltz by Cecil Neilson, is rendered specially attractive by a portrait, after Van de Weyde, of the charming Miss Mary Anderson.

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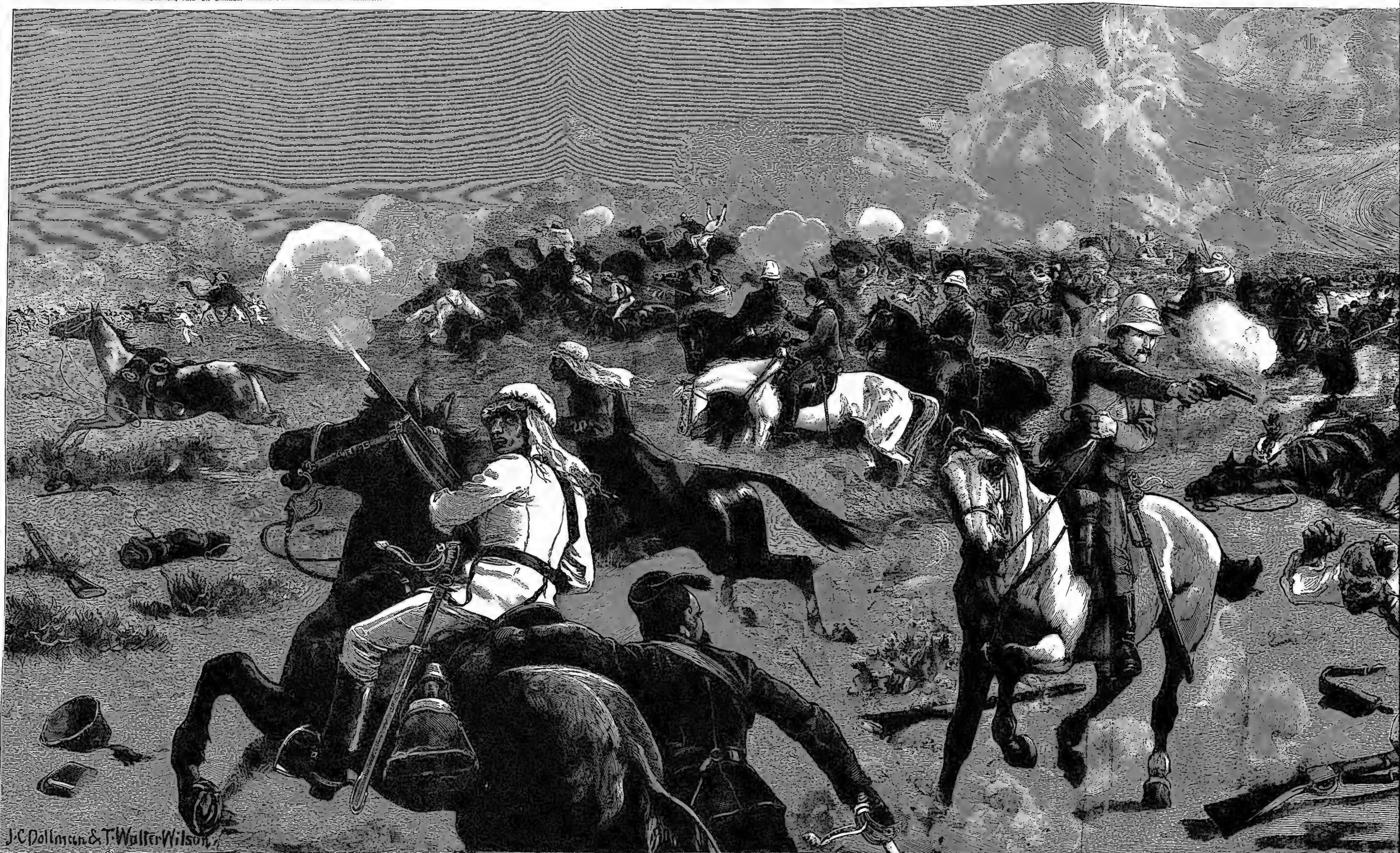
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68, £422 Class 69, £428 Class 70, £434 Class 71, £440 Class 72, £446 Class 73, £452 Class 74, £458 Class 75, £464 Class 76, £470 Class 77, £476 Class 78, £482 Class 79, £488 Class 80, £494 Class 81, £500 Class 82, £506 Class 83, £512 Class 84, £518 Class 85, £524 Class 86, £530 Class 87, £536 Class 88, £542 Class 89, £548 Class 90, £554 Class 91, £560 Class 92, £566 Class 93, £572 Class 94, £578 Class 95, £584 Class 96, £590 Class 97, £596 Class 98, £602 Class 99, £608 Class 100, £614 Class 101, £620 Class 102, £626 Class 103, £632 Class 104, £638 Class 105, £644 Class 106, £650 Class 107, £656 Class 108, £662 Class 109, £668 Class 110, £674 Class 111, £680 Class 112, £686 Class 113, £692 Class 114, £698 Class 115, £704 Class 116, £710 Class 117, £716 Class 118, £722 Class 119, £728 Class 120, £734 Class 121, £740 Class 122, £746 Class 123, £752 Class 124, £758 Class 125, £764 Class 126, £770 Class 127, £776 Class 128, £782 Class 129, £788 Class 130, £794 Class 131, £800 Class 132, 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FUGITIVES ON FOOT, ON HORSEBACK, AND ON CAMELS, MAKING FOR THE SHIPS AT TRINKITAT

COLONEL THE HON. FITZROY HAY

BAKER PASHA

COLONEL BURNABY



J.C. Dollman & T. Walter Wilson

EGYPTIAN CAVALRY SOLDIER FIRING IN THE AIR, AND NOT IN THE DIRECTION OF THE ENEMY, WITHOUT PUTTING THE GUN TO HIS SHOULDER

MAJOR HARVEY

MOB OF EGYPTIAN SOLDIERS RUNNING AT RIFLES AND BAYONETS THROWN AWAY, THROWN OFF, &

THE DEFEAT OF BAKER PASHA'S FORCE AT TEB IN ITS AT

SCENE IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE BREAKING OF T

FROM A DRAWING BY MAJOR G. D. GILES, WHO COMMANDED THE TURKISH CAVALRY

SAVAGES MOUNTED ON HORSES

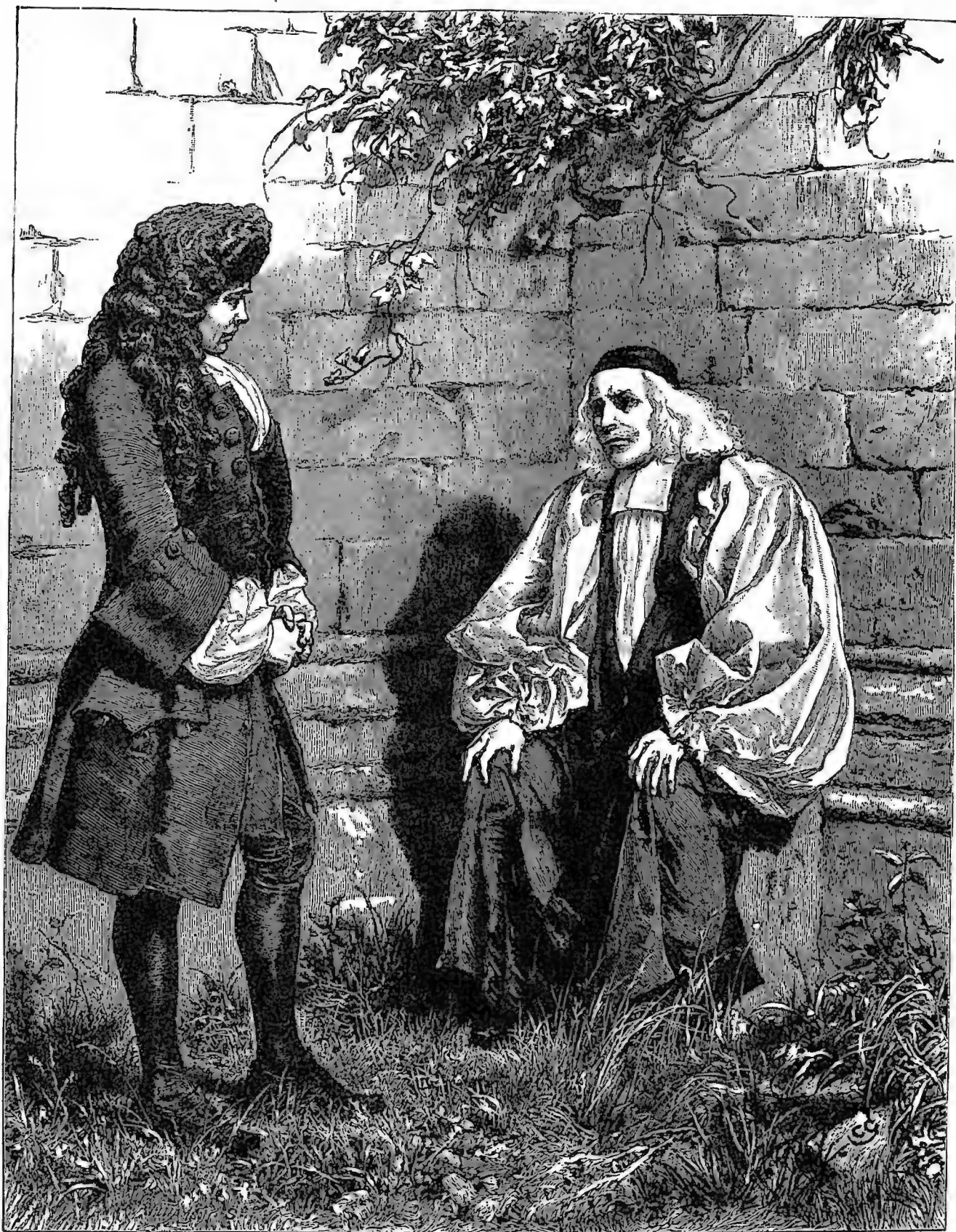


MOB OF EGYPTIAN SOLDIERS RUNNING AT A JOG TROT, NOT ATTEMPTING TO DEFEND THEMSELVES. RIFLES AND BAYONETS THROWN AWAY, CHATS UNBURNED, AND IN SOME INSTANCES THROWN OFF GROUND SAND.

SAVAGES TROTTING ALONG BEHIND THE EGYPTIANS, STABBING THEM AS THEY CAME UP TO THEM, OR CUTTING THEM DOWN WITH THEIR DINGIES.

SAVAGES NAKED, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF BROWN-DYED CLOTHING OF COTTON AROUND THE LOINS. SHIELDS IN A FEW CASES, HAIR FRIZZED.

AT TEB IN ITS ATTEMPT TO RELIEVE TOKAR, FEBRUARY 4
DIABLY AFTER THE BREAKING OF THE SQUARE
WHO COMMANDED THE TURKISH CAVALRY, AND WHO ESCAPED FROM THE MASSACRE



DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

"Then, sir, let me ask: Who are you?"

DOROTHY FORSTER

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER IX.

A HUNTING PARTY

It has been pretended that the party of this day was one of the earliest attempts made by Mr. Forster the Younger towards making himself the Leader of the Cause in the North. On the contrary, he had as yet no thought at all about leading. The gentlemen came together for no other purpose than to meet the Bishop (many of them being Catholics, who could only see him on some such occasion) and Lord Derwentwater, and the meeting was especially summoned to enable these two to meet one another. Among those who came to the meeting were many of the gentlemen who five years afterwards, to their undoing, took up arms for the Prince. Most of them lay at Hexham overnight and came over the moor in the morning. It was a gallant sight, indeed, to see the gentlemen riding into the quadrangle, and giving their horses to the grooms, while they paid their respects to Lady Crewe, who was already dressed, early as it was, and received them with a kindly welcome which pleased all. The Bishop, she said, begged to be excused at that early hour; he would meet his friends in the evening. Mean-time breakfast, or luncheon, was spread, with cold pasties, spiced beef, game, and beer for all who chose.

They were a hearty and hungry crew. One cannot but remember with what goodwill they trooped in, and how they made the sirloins of beef to grow small, the pasties to vanish, and the birds to disappear, except their bones; also with what cheerfulness they

exhorted each other to fill up and drink again. They had a day's hunting before them. Surely a man may eat and drink who is going out for six or eight hours a-horseback across Hexhamshire Common. It was a pretty sight, certainly, when they had finished, to see them mount in the great quadrangle, with the shouting of the younger men—ah! King Solomon's medicine of the merry heart! and so off—trooping through the old gateway out upon the open moor, whither the huntsman had taken the hounds. I, who seldom rode, went with them on this day. Beside me rode Lord Derwentwater, brave in scarlet, as were his brothers. But he was grave, and even sad.

"I cannot but think, Miss Dorothy," he said, "that it is a strange thing for us to laugh and shout while our business is to talk of treason, according to the law of the land. When will treason become loyalty and rebellion fidelity to the King?"

Then there arose a great yo-hoing and shouting, and the fox was found, and we all rode after it. About that day's hunting it needs not to speak much. It was a long run. Tom, with Charlie Radcliffe, was in at the death, and they gave me the creature's brush. As for Lord Derwentwater, he left not my side, being more concerned to talk with me than to gallop after the hounds. Certainly he never was a keen fox-hunter, his ideas of the hunt being taken from France, where, as he hath told me, the party ride down lanes or *allées*, in a great forest, after a wild boar or a stag, the sides of the lanes being lined with rustics, to prevent the boar from taking shelter in the wood. But he owned that our sport was

more manly. This was a pleasant, nay, a delightful ride for me, seeing as I did in the eyes of his lordship those signs of admiration which please the hearts of all women alike, whether they be confident in their beauty, or afraid that they possess no charms to fix the affections of inconstant man. Perhaps we guess very readily what most we desire; at this time (let me confess and own without shame what need not be concealed) I had begun to desire one thing very much; that is to say, I understood very well that the happiest woman in the world would be she to whom this young gentleman would give the priceless blessing of his love. This made me watchful of his speech and looks; and enabled me, young and inexperienced as I was, to read very well the confession made by eyes full of admiration, though no word at all was spoken. No gentleman in the world had better eyes or sweeter than Lord Derwentwater, and no man's love I knew very well was more to be desired; and, innocent and ignorant as we were, neither of us, at that time, considered the difficulties in the way. Poor Dorothy!

Some of the elder gentlemen remained behind, and sat all the morning to talk with Lady Crewe, once their toast and charming beauty, still beautiful and gracious as a great lady should be. Every woman likes, I suppose, to feel that men remember the beauty of her youth. It is a fleeting thing, and we are told that, like all earthly things, it is a vanity. Nevertheless, it is a vanity which pleases for a lifetime, and, like understanding in a man, it may be used, while it lasts, for great purposes. Lady Crewe knew well how

to use her beauty and charm of words as well as of face, in order to lead men whithersoever she would. This is a simple art, though few women understand it, being nothing more or less than to make each man think the thing which he most desires to believe true, namely, that he occupies wholly the thoughts, hopes, interest, and sympathy of the woman who would lure him and lead him.

"It is not love," said Mr. Hilyard once, "so much as vanity, which leads the world. Dalila conquered Samson by playing upon his pride of strength. Cleopatra overcame Antony by acknowledging the irresistible charm of a hero."

So Lady Crewe, by coaxing, flattering, making men feel happy and proud of themselves (since they would please so great and gracious a lady), in a word, by charming men, could do with them what she pleased. Of course it need not be said that there could be no question of gallantry with this stately dame, the wife of the great Lord Crewe. Certainly not; yet all men were her slaves.

Some time between ten and eleven in the forenoon, the party being all ridden forth, my lord the Bishop came out from his chamber, dressed and ready for the duties of the day. At so advanced a stage of life, one must, I suppose, approach each day, which may be the last, slowly and carefully, fortified before the work of the day begins with food, prayer, and meditation. His lordship looked older in the morning than in the evening; yet not decayed. Though the lines and crow's-feet of age lay thickly upon his face, so that it was seamed and scarred by a thousand waving lines, his eye was as bright and his lips as firm as if he were but forty or fifty. After a little discourse with the gentlemen who had remained behind, he sent immediately for Mr. Hilyard. He, to say the truth, was by no means anxious for the interview, and had shown, ever since this party was proposed, a singular desire to avoid the Bishop; proposing a hundred different pretexts for his absence.

First, his lordship, with great show of politeness, of which he was perfect master, begged Mr. Hilyard to show him the ruins and remains of this strange place, which our steward very willingly did, hoping, as will be seen, to stave off the questions which he feared. Presently, after talk about the Premonstratensian Friars (this was the learned name of the monks who were murdered, but why they had so long a name or what it means, I know not, nor need we inquire into the superstitious reasons for such a name), and after considering the quadrangle and the ancient Gate Tower, they turned into the graveyard, where were the ruins of the chapel. Here they talked of Gothic architecture, a subject on which, as on so many other things, Mr. Hilyard was well versed, and the Bishop, after lamenting the ruin of so beautiful a place, said that he could not suffer whole families thus to grow up in heathendom with so fair a chapel wanting but a roof, and that he should take order therefor.

"As for you, sir," he said to Mr. Hilyard, "You seem to be possessed of some learning. You have studied, I perceive, the architecture of our churches?"

"In my humble way, my Lord, I have read such books on the subject as have fallen into my hands."

"And you are not unacquainted with the ancient dispositions of monasteries, it would seem?"

"Also in my small way, my Lord; and with such chances of observation as I have obtained."

Then the Bishop seated himself upon a fallen stone in the corner of the tower, where he was sheltered from the wind, and where the sunshine fell, and fixed upon Mr. Hilyard his eyes, which were like the eyes of a hawk for clearness, and more terrible for sternness than the eyes of a lion, and said, "Then, sir, let me ask: Who are you?"

"My Lord, my name, at your Lordship's service, is Antony Hilyard."

"So much I know. And for ten years, or thereabouts, in the service of the Forsters. Now, sir, I meddle not with affairs which belong not to me, therefore when Mr. Thomas Forster of Etherston received you as my nephew's Tutor, I made no inquiry. Again, when I heard, through her ladyship, that the Tutor, instead of becoming a Chaplain, as is generally his laudable ambition, became a Steward, I made no inquiry, because, Tutor or Steward, your affairs seemed to concern me not at all. But in view of the singular affection which my lady hath conceived for her nephew, her hopes for his future, and her designs as regards his inheritance, I can no longer suffer him to remain under the influence of men about whose character I know nothing. Doubtless, sir, you are honest. My nephew and his sister swear that you are honest."

"I hope so, my Lord."

"It is certain that you have, whether for purposes of your own or not, acquired such an influence over both my nephew and my niece that I must come to an understanding. You sing, act, and play the Merry Andrew, when he has his friends about him; you manage his household, and keep his accounts; you have taught the young lady to sing, play music, read French, and other things, which, as my lady is assured, are all innocent and desirable accomplishments. We have also learned that although you were engaged upon a salary or wage of thirty pounds a year, you have never received any of that money, save a guinea here and there for clothing. Now, sir, I judge not beforehand, but you may be, for aught I know, a vile Whig, endeavouring to instil into an honest mind pernicious opinions; or you may be one of those secret plotters who are the curse of our party, and lure on gentlemen to their destruction; or you may be, which is not impossible, a Jesuit on some secret service. So, sir, before we go any farther, you will tell me who and what you are—whose son, where born and brought up—of what stock, town, religion?"

"For my birth, my Lord, I am of London: for my religion, I am a Protestant and humble servant of the Church; for my origin, my father was a vintner, with a tavern in Barbican; for my education, it was at St. Paul's School, where I got credit for some scholarship, and"—here he bowed his head, and looked guilty—"at Oxford, in your lordship's own College of Lincoln."

"Go on, sir." For here Mr. Hilyard showed signs of the greatest distress, and began to cough, to him, to blow his nose, and to wipe his brow. "Go on, sir, I command."

"I cannot deny, my Lord—nay, I confess—though it cost me the post I hold and drive me out into the world—that I concealed from Mr. Forster the reasons why I left Oxford without a degree. I hope that your Lordship will consider my subsequent conduct to have in some measure mitigated the offence."

"What was the reason?"

"My Lord, I was expelled."

The Bishop nodded his head as terrible as great Jove.

"So, sir," he said, while the unlucky man trembled before him, "so, sir, you were expelled. This is truly an excellent recommendation for a Tutor and teacher of young gentlemen. Pray, sir, why this punishment?"

"My Lord," the poor man replied in great confusion, "suffer me of your patience to explain that from my childhood upwards I have continually been afflicted—affliction must I needs call that which hath led me to the ruin of my hopes—with the desire of mocking, acting, and impersonating; also with the temptation to write verses, whether in Latin or in English; and with the love of exciting the laughter and mirth of my companions. So that to hold up to derision the usher while at school, which caused me often to be soundly switched, was my constant joy, even though I had afterwards to cry, because my fellows laughed at the performance. Or I was acting and rehearsing for their delight some passage from Dryden, Shakespeare, or Ben Jonson, which I had seen upon the stage."

"In plain language, sir, thou wast a common buffoon."

"Say, rather, my Lord, with submission, an actor—*histrion*. Roscius was rather my model than the Roman mime."

"As thou wilt, sir. Go on."

"Your lordship cannot but remember that at every public Act the Terræ Filius, or Son of the Soil, after the Proctor, hath permission to ridicule, or to hold up to derision, or to satirise—"

"Man," cried the Bishop, "I had partly guessed it. Thou wert, then, a Terræ Filius?"

"My Lord, it is most true."

The Bishop's face lost its severity. He laughed while Mr. Hilyard stood before him trembling, yet a little reassured. For, to say the truth, he expected nothing but instant dismissal.

"The Terræ Filius," said the Bishop, "There were many of them, but few of much account. Some were coarse, some were ill-bred, some were rustic, some were rude—here and there one was witty. The Heads and Tutors loved better the coarse than the witty. Ay, ay. They expelled Tom Pittie when I was a Bachelor, and they made Lancelot Addison, afterwards Dean of Lichfield, beg pardon on his knees. So, sir, you were the licensed jester of the University? An honourable post, forsooth!"

"It was not so much, my Lord," Mr. Hilyard went on, "for my jests before the University, as for certain verses which were brought home to me by the treachery of a man, who—But that does not concern your Lordship."

"Of what kind were the verses?"

"They were of a satirical kind," Mr. Hilyard pulled out his pocket book; in which he kept memoranda, receipts, bills, and so forth. "If your Lordship would venture to look at them. I keep always by me a copy to remind me of my sin." He found a worn and thumb-marked sheet of printed paper. "In Latin they have been said to have a touch of Martial or Ausonius, at his best—but I may not boast." He placed the verses in the Bishop's hands; and waited, with a look of expectant pride rather than of repentance; he was no longer a confessing sinner, or a jester brought to shame; but, rather, a poet waiting for his patron's verdict of praise or blame.

The Bishop read; the Bishop smiled; then the Bishop laughed. "The matter, truly, is most impudent, and richly deserved punishment. The style, doubtless, deserved reward. And for this thou wast expelled?"

"My letters commendatory, my Lord, made no mention of the thing. Indeed, they were all written for me by those scholars who were my friends and companions."

"Well, sir, it is done, and I suppose you have repented often enough. For so good a scholar might have aspired to the dignities of the Church. It is an old tale: for a moment's gratification, a life-long sorrow. You laughed as a boy, in order that you might cry as a man. You might have become Fellow, Dean, Tutor, even Master; Rector of a country living, Canon, Prebendary, Archdeacon or, even—Bishop. There are, in these times, when gentlemen fly from the Church, many Bishops on the Bench of no better origin than your own. You are steward to a country gentleman; keeper of farm and household accounts; fellow toper, when his Honour is alone; jester, when he hath company."

"I know it, my Lord," replied Mr. Hilyard, humbly. "I am Mr. Forster's servant. Yet, a faithful servant."

"I know nothing to the contrary. Why have you not, during these six years, asked for the money promised at the outset?"

"Oh; my Lord—consider—pray—I am under obligation of gratitude to a most kind and generous master, and a most considerate mistress. They subsist, though his Honour would not like it stated so plainly, on the bounty of your Lordship and my Lady. Should I presume to take for myself what was meant for his Honour?"

The Bishop made no reply for a while, but looked earnestly into his face.

"Either thou art a very honest fellow," he said, at length, "or thou art a practised courtier."

"No courtier, my Lord."

"I believe not. Now, sir, I think it will be my duty to advise her ladyship that no change need be made. But further inquiry must be made. Continue, therefore, for the present, in thy duties. And, for the salary, I will see that thou lose nothing."

He then began to ask, in apparently a careless manner, about the manner of our daily life, hearing how Tom spent his days in shooting and so forth, and showed no desire for reading, yet was no fool, and ready to receive information; how the hospitality of the Manor House, though not so splendid as that of its late owners, was abundant, and open to all who came, and so forth; to all of which the Bishop listened, as great men use, namely, as if these small things are of small importance, yet it is well to know them, and that, being so small, it is not necessary to express an opinion upon them.

"I hear," he said, "that certain agitators continue to go about the country. Do they come here?"

Mr. Hilyard replied that Captain Gascoigne and Captain Talbot had been to the North that year, but that Mr. Forster was not, to his knowledge, in correspondence with them.

"It is important," said the Bishop, "that no steps be taken for the present. There are reasons of State. See that you encourage no such work. I take it that my nephew is popular, by reason of a frank character and generous hand, such as the Forsters have always displayed, rather than by learning or eloquence."

"Your Lordship is right. If I may presume to point out a fault in my Patron—"

"What is it?"

"It is his inexperience. He hath never, except to Cambridge, gone beyond his own county. Therefore he may be easily imposed upon, and led—whither his friends would not wish him to go."

To this the Bishop made no reply; but fell into a meditation, and presently rose, and left Mr. Hilyard among the ruins.

"I expected," said Mr. Hilyard, when he told me of this discourse, "nothing short than an order to be packing. Nothing short of that would do, I thought, for a man who had been expelled the University for holding up the Seniors to derision. Alas! I have been a monstrous fool. Yet I doubt not I should do it again. When wit is in, wisdom is out. There was a man of whom I once read. He might have saved his life could he have refrained his tongue. But he could not. Therefore, he said his epigram and was hanged, happy in the thought that his *bon mot* would be remembered. Like good actions, good sayings live and bear fruit beyond the tomb. My satire on the Senior Proctor—the Bishop laughed at it. Think you that many Bishops in the future will not also laugh at it?"

"Is it so very comical, Mr. Hilyard, that it would make me laugh? For, you know, my sex are not so fond of laughing as your own."

He replied, a little disconcerted, that the chief points of his satire lay in the Latin, which I could not understand.

The business of the day, namely, the conversation between Lord Derwentwater and Lord Crewe, took place in the evening, after dinner. Our guests were divided into two sets, one of which consisted of the older and more important gentlemen present, and the other of the younger sons. The latter spent their evening in the Kitchen under the Refectory, where they were perfectly happy, if the noise of singing and laughing denotes happiness. I saw Tom's face grow melancholy as he sat between Lord Crewe on his left and Lady Crewe on his right, listening to discourse on grave and serious matters, while all this merriment went on below. Strange it was to see at the same table an English Bishop and a Catholic Earl.

When the servants were gone, Tom rose in his place and

reminded his friends that they were assembled there in order to afford an opportunity for a conference between Lord Crewe, the Bishop of Durham, on the one hand, and Lord Derwentwater, with the honest gentlemen of the county, on the other. This conference being happily arranged, they would remind each other that they had with them the most venerable of the party, one who could remember Noll Cromwell himself, and had voted for King and Bishops before Charles the Second came back. With which words he asked them to drink to the Prince.

After this they began by all, with one consent, talking of the latest intelligence, and of the great hopes which they entertained; how the Queen was reported to lean more and more to the cause of her brother; how the people of London were fast recovering their loyalty; and how the country, save for a few pestilent and unnatural Whigs, was Jacobite to the core; and so forth. It seemed as if I had heard that kind of talk all my life. If it was true, why could they not recall the Prince at once, and without more to do? If it was not true, why try to keep up their spirits with a falsehood? The plain, simple truth does not do for men; they must have exaggerations, rumours, see everything greater than it is. Otherwise, there would be no such thing as a Party.

"To one wise man," said Mr. Hilyard to me, speaking privately of this matter, "it seems as if, things being weighed, the for and the against, the scale inclines this way. To another wise man, the scale inclines that way. To the followers of those wise men who cannot weigh the arguments, or even perceive them, the scale kicks the beam. The more ignorant the partisan, the more thorough he is. Wherefore, the Lord protect us from wars of religion, in which every common soldier knows more than his officers."

While this kind of talk went on, the Bishop sat quiet and grave, saying nothing; while Lord Derwentwater listened, and Lady Crewe smiled graciously on one after the other as they appealed to her.

When each had said what was in his mind on the matter of loyalty, the Bishop invited Lord Derwentwater to tell the company, who had never had the happiness of seeing the Prince, what manner of man he was to look upon.

"In person, my Lord Bishop," he replied, "his Highness is tall, and inclined to be thin, as his father was before him. He is, although so young in years, already grave in manner; he speaks little; he is rarely heard to laugh; he hath little or nothing of the natural gaiety of young men in France. He rides well; his personal courage cannot be doubted, having been sufficiently proved at Oudenarde and Malplaquet; he is familiar with the names of all his friends. For instance, in Northumberland, he knows that he can reckon on Tom Forster"—here my Lord bowed to Tom, who reddened with pleasure, and drank off another bumper to the Prince—"and on Mr. Errington"—here Mr. Errington did the like, and his lordship went on to name other gentlemen, especially Protestants, in the room.

"If a woman may ask the question," said Lady Crewe, "we would hope that his character for religion and virtue, as well as for courage, is such as to endear him to the hearts of those who would fain see Princes of blameless life."

At this time the Prince, then only two-and-twenty years of age, though he had not acquired the reputation which afterwards made many of his friends in England cold to him, was by no means free from reproach—indeed, there are many who throw temptation in the way of a Prince—and Lord Derwentwater paused before he replied.

"As for religion," said my Lord, "I know that he hath been most religiously educated, and that his mother is a saintly woman. So much I can depose from my own knowledge. For, if my Lord Bishop will pardon the remark, there were more Masses at St. Germain's than many about the Court would willingly attend. As for virtue, there have been rumours—are there not rumours of every Prince? One must not repeat idle reports."

"One would wish to know," said the Bishop, "if the Prince hath a martial bearing, and one which may encourage his followers. Let us remember the gallantry of Prince Rupert, and the cheerful courage of young King Hal at Agincourt."

"I have never seen him," Lord Derwentwater replied, "with troops. I know not whether his face would show the cheerful courage of which your Lordship speaks. That he is brave is well known. If he is less at home in camp than in his Court, we must thank the Queen, his mother, and the good priests, his instructors, who have made him, perhaps, fitter for heaven than for earth."

"I very much doubt it," said the Bishop, with a smile.

It was wonderful to think that here was a young gentleman who had actually been brought up with his Highness, and conversed with him, and was telling us about him.

"Well," said the Bishop, "they may have made him fitter for the Mass than the march. Pity—pity—a thousand pities that his father must needs throw away his crown for his creed—your pardon, my Lord—when he had already, had he pleased, the ancient, yet reformed, Church of England. It likes me not. I would rather he were more of a soldier and less of a priest. These things are well known to me already, but I wished that these gentlemen here also should hear them. For, believe me, all is not yet clear before us, my Lord. I have watched the times for fifty years and more. The crowd hath shouted now for one side, and now for another; but never, saving your Lordship's presence, have their greasy caps been tossed up for a Roman Catholic. And, even if the general opinion be true, and the voice of the country be for the young Prince, I am very certain that he will not win the English heart, and so secure his throne, unless he consent to change his religion."

"It may be so," replied the Earl. "Yet sure I am that will never change his religion."

"Then," said the Bishop, "if he comes home this year, or next, the very next year after his priests will get him sent abroad again. We are a people who have religion much upon the lips—and it is the Protestant religion, which hinders not the luxury of the rich or the vices of the poor. There are still living among us—I say this in presence of you Catholic gentlemen—those whose fathers and grandfathers have spoken with men and women who remembered the flames of Smithfield. Your Lordship is young, but you will never—I prophesy—no—never—see England so changed that she will look without jealousy and hatred upon a Court of priests."

"The King may surround himself, if he pleases, with Protestant advisers," said the Earl. "We of the old faith are content to sit at home in obscurity. Your Lordship will not seek to burn us. We ask but toleration and our civil rights."

The Bishop shook his head. "Will he be allowed?" he asked.

"Meantime, my Lord, it does my heart good to see you—still a young man and an Englishman—no Frenchman—back again among your own people. Trust me, you will be happier here than at St. Germain's or Versailles. Believe an old man who was about the Court for nearly thirty years: it is an air which begetteth bad humours of the blood—with jealousies, envies, and heartburnings. He who waiteth upon Princes must expect rubs such as happen not to quiet men. And, young man," he laid his hand upon the Earl's shoulder, "listen not, I entreat you, to vapouring Irish captains or to Scotchmen disappointed of their pensions, or to soured English Papists, or to those who have waited in ante-chamber, till rage has seized their heart. Let us remain on the right side. Some day it will prevail. On that day the voice of the whole country will call their Sovereign home. It may be that they will make him first embrace the Faith as contained in the Thirty-Nine Articles."

Justice is mighty, and shall prevail. But, gentlemen, no plots ! And you, Sir, as you are the nearest among us of all to the Throne, so be the most cautious. Set the young hot heads of the North a good example. Gentlemen"—he rose, tall and majestic, with white, waving locks and stooping shoulders, and his wife rose at the same time and gave him her arm—"My Lords and gentlemen, Anglican or Catholic, whether of the Old or the Reformed Faith, I give my prayers for the rightful Cause, and to all here the blessing of a Bishop. Yea !"—he raised his tall figure to the full height, "the blessing of one who is a successor of the Apostles by unbroken and lineal Descent and Right Divine !"

Lord Derwentwater bent a knee, and kissed the Bishop's hand. Then the company parted right and left, bowing low, while the old Bishop, with his Lady and her niece, left the room.

(To be continued)



THE appearance of a new novel by the still anonymous author of "A Garden of Eden" will raise high anticipations in all who welcomed the revelations of the inner artistic life which that strikingly original work contained—anticipations which its successor, "Eve Lester," went far to raise still higher. "The Knave of Hearts" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son) takes a new departure, and appeals to a different and probably much wider circle of readers. Its principal interest depends upon the minute study of a girl in whom exceptional circumstances have conspired to develop an exceptional nature. How the character of Amy Norman came to be imagined is not easy to surmise, unless it has to some extent been drawn from a living model, suggestive enough to give hints which a keen insight has been able to follow out into new combinations. She has in her the impulses of a heroine; but solitude, an apparently somewhat hysterical temperament, and a morbid sensitiveness to every sort of external influence, distort her into a human maze of contradictions—she is at once exaggeratedly self-sacrificing and intensely selfish; simple-hearted and innocent to the pitch of folly, and yet false, and even treacherous, when she has any passion to indulge; courageous in action, while at heart one of the most abject of cowards. To this enigma her creator has supplied the key, without compelling the reader to feel that he is being cheated of his sympathies for the sake of one whom he must either pity or despise. To deal thus successfully with absolutely inconsistent natures is among the novelist's chief triumphs; and in the present case the honour of a triumph has been fairly won. One character of this kind, adequately developed, is sufficient to give distinction to a single novel; and, probably for the sake of dramatic effect, a good deal is gained by making the "Knave of Hearts" very much of a one-part story. Lord Arthur Beville, the Adonis who attempts murder by slow poison as lightly as he breaks a heart, would be a merely conventional personage, were it not for his serving as an illustration of the theory that there is a line beyond which selfishness becomes identical with lunacy, though otherwise combined with the utmost force and subtlety of brain. We never, however, come to believe thoroughly in his reality, any more than in that of Dr. Andreas, the deformed chemist—both are intended to be acting a part, no doubt, but in neither case does the real man show through the disguise. All the subordinate characters, however, are excellent, and the many touches of social satire whereof they prove the cause would be more excellent than they are were they combined with a little more breadth of humour and a great deal more good nature. The entire work deserves much closer examination than space allows. But space must certainly be found for saying that the story of the victim of the knave of hearts is thoroughly new, at least in its psychological aspect; that the plot is interesting, in spite of much faulty construction; and that the dissection of a group of singularly complex characters is carried out in a spirit of the strongest sympathy with all that is pure and true. We strongly doubt the happiness of the hero as the husband of Amy; but in all other respects the demands of poetical justice are fully satisfied.

are fully satisfied.

By a perhaps not very remarkable coincidence, the plot of Mrs. Alexander's "The Executor" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son) also hinges upon a case of slow poison—in this case yet further removed from the ordinary run of such affairs by the fact that the poisoner-in-chief is a Syrian in the Nestorian Church, that his agent is a Hindoo, and that the vehicle is Rahat-Lakoum. Readers of "The Wooing O't" will thus perceive at a glance that Mrs. Alexander has gone very far indeed out of her usual quiet groove. Her experiment, however, is successful—she shows that she can put together a story with a "sensation" in it in a workmanlike and interesting manner, and without in the least sacrificing her talent for portraiture. Her Syrian, Hormuz Kharapet, is full of outlandish piquancy, with full measure of the serpentine characteristics expected in an Oriental poisoner. The interest arising from the relations between Kharapet, his intended victim, and her true lover, calls for the higher praise in that it is obtained without any aid from the device of mystery, or from any unnecessary complication. The characters, moreover, are commendably few. The effect would have been the better had it been possible to avoid a ten thousandth repetition of that favourite sort of misunderstanding which, in fiction at least, keeps true lovers apart without any sort of reason beyond the need of postponing a *dénouement*. In real life Anastasia and Dr. Brooke, both being fairly sensible people, would have ceased playing at cross purposes in a tenth of the time, instead of waiting almost till the Rahat-Lakoum had parted them for ever. However, Mrs. Alexander is not responsible for the conventionalities of modern fiction, especially as she possesses quite enough power of interesting and attracting to justify her employing them. Most readers will, we think, give "The Executor" a foremost place among her stories, if only because of the fuller use she makes of incident and of the curiosities of portraiture.

The scheme on which "Mizmaze; or, The Winkworth Puzzle" (1 vol.: Macmillan and Co.), was constructed was eminently promising. Nine separate authors dividing the *dramatis personæ* of a novel among them, might fairly be expected to give the contrasted characters exceptional individuality, especially as the plot is carried out in the epistolary manner. As the result of the experiment, however, there is a monotony and similarity of style to an even unusual degree. Perhaps there has been a great deal too much editing, perhaps the influence of Miss Yonge, or whoever filled that responsible position, has too much affected her *collaborateurs*; perhaps it was an error to omit a male hand or two for dealing with the male characters, since the latter too obviously use feminine pens. For its special purpose, therefore, the work, as a literary experiment must be pronounced a failure. Judged, however, without respect to its special conditions, the story is interesting enough, especially in its relation to the Italy of Garibaldi; while it is unquestionably amusing in its slight way, and would be much more so but for the repetitions due to narrations of the same facts from too many points of view. On the whole, it is quite good enough to confirm belief in the merit of the plan if only it were carried out more consistently and independently, by hands in less full accord as to thought and style.

PÆSTUM AND SICILY

THE traveller at Naples should make a point of visiting the Temples of Paestum, standing close upon the sea-shore in dead silence, where formerly they were surrounded by a noisy city, which occupied about one square mile, according to the ruins of its walls which are distinctly traceable to-day. Paestum claims to have been the site of the first Greek settlement in Italy. The most convenient mode of reaching these imposing architectural masses is to take an afternoon train (at about two o'clock) for La Cava dei Terrini, where the Hotel de Londres, kept by Signore Vozza, will afford very comfortable accommodation, and whence a visit to the Monte del Castello may serve to fill up the rest of the afternoon. Here you may take the train for Battapaglia in the morning, whither Signore Vozza sends a carriage and pair over-night to meet you; and from Battapaglia you may enjoy a charming Italian drive through flat trellised vineyards, spreading like green carpets above the ground, with coloured mountains in the distance. The Temples of Paestum are now well guarded. There are three: one of Neptune, the Basilica, and the Temple of Ceres. This is at a small distance, and is not so imposing as either of the other two, of which the Temple of Neptune is by far the finest. The excursion admits of an easy return to dinner at La Cava dei Terrini. Some excursionists prefer going from Naples to Salerno.

If a visit to Sicily is intended, the passage should be taken to Palermo rather than to Messina, in order to enjoy the entrance into that lovely bay, with its glittering city and vast semicircle of rocky mountains, enclosing the fertile plain of some 25 metres in circumference, called by the Sicilians the Conca d'Oro, or Golden Shell. As we thus enter the Monte Pellegrino, on the right, rising to close upon 2,000 feet, presents a majestic appearance. The day's excursion to Solunto is one grand object in visiting Palermo, of the beauties of which our engravings will give some idea. The few columns and corner fragment of their entablature add immensely to the general effect, and call to mind how much the Greeks chose the majesty of Nature as the site for their majesty of Art. In visiting this scene, one should on no account omit the easy climb to the top of the hill, in order to obtain the sparkling view of Palermo.

Other engravings present views of the ruins of Selinunto and of the Temple of Segeste; and these should be visited from Palermo before leaving for the other side of the island. An early morning train, taking your breakfast with you, will bring you about 9.30 to the Calatamifi station; and there you will find a carriage, if ordered by telegram, to take you through that town to the foot of the Segeste mountain. The position of Calatamifi on high, with its naked ruined convent, is extremely striking, and the drive through the country is wonderfully undulating and fertile. In about two hours you reach the walking or riding point, whence, on the top of the hill, you just catch sight of the ruins of the theatre. On rounding the hill the grand temple comes in view, and these are the two objects of the visit. Our advice would be to mount to the theatre first, where one of the noblest of coast views possible expands before you from the ruins. Then descend by the other side upon the temple, which soon begins to show its solemn grandeur on its green herbage, and grows imposingly upon you as you gradually come up beneath its dignified form. Go inside, and walk upon the smooth grass and gaze through its columns on the landscape around. Happily for the beauty of the ruin, as a charm of solitude and repose, there is no rough interior remaining, if ever there was an interior at all. But you may walk on daisies and other wild flowers as you ponder over the now silent scene. One shepherd boy watching his flock emphasised the solitude that we witnessed.

Your time is somewhat limited here, as you must get back to Calatafimi station for the train on to Casteltrevano. You could not pass the night at Calatafimi; nor is the former particularly recommendable. Hence you make the day's excursion to Solinunto in a carriage. Our day was perfect, with a mottled sky. The drive runs through a flat country, and presently on your right you see large low masses of ruins, with a few broken columns still standing. These grow wonderfully on the eye as you approach them; and then you see another mass, at about a kilomètre's distance, nearer the sea, across an old river bed. The coast and inland scenery is charming, and in the fine weather gorse and wild flowers are in profuse blossom—the ragged robin outvying all others in profusion.

In the farther group are to be found remains of walls, temples, citadel, and theatre. In the nearer group three parallelograms of ruins lie out side by side on the now green ground. All seem to show at once man's power to construct and to destroy; to build up and to throw down; and at Selinunto one is almost inclined to ask oneself which of the two powers here seems the greatest?

The next engraving takes us to the opposite side of the island—Syracuse; and here, among other wonders, is to be seen the celebrated Teatro Greco. Again, the position chosen is magnificent; the structure is cut out of the living rock, and the *sedilia* were capable of accommodating 25,000 spectators.

But when we talk of positions, what can compare with that of the theatre at Taormina, both as regards itself and its surroundings? Our engravings will give some small idea of what will regale the visitor's eye at this lovely spot. Etna forms a vast feature in one direction. Suffice it to quote on this subject the following paragraph from Colonel Playfair's writings:—"This place ought, by all means, to be visited, and a few quiet days spent here will afford a reminiscence never to be forgotten. If it is ever permissible to compare one landscape with another, surely the view from" (and of) "the theatre may fairly lay claim to be the finest in Europe."

WEARING THE LEEK

ON March 1, the annual foregathering of the clan of Welsh residents in London and vicinity to do honour to St. David's Day by "wearing the leek" takes place; and at the anniversary dinners is a mighty curious sight, as Pepys would say, to view each gentleman decorated as to his buttonhole with the similitude of a leek, fashioned pearl-like, with green ribbons for leaves and a bunch of gold tinsel-threads for root, the whole surmounted by a device of Prince of Wales's plumes, thus representing the national emblem of Wales in its most ornate guise. It is a somewhat singular fact that, speaking generally, only the Welshmen in England proper wear the badge of the leek on St. David's Day, although gilt leeks may still be seen ornamenting the interior of houses in Wales; and such are, at other times, flaunted in the processions of Welsh societies.

Shakespeare, who never intended his chronology to be taken by the card, dates the custom of "wearing the leek" from the Battle of Crecy; at least, so it appears by the light of a passage in *Henry V.*, where Fluellen, referring to the King as taking it "no scorn to wear the leek upon St. Tavy's Day," speaks of the Welshmen doing good service in a field where leeks grew, and which they placed in their "Monmouth caps," thenceforward an honourable ensign. If it be not considering too curiously to consider so, it seems likely that the wearing of the leek actually came into usage when Henry VII. conquered at Bosworth by the aid of his Welsh followers, under the Tudor colours of white and green, suggestive of the leek itself; and to this view a Harleian MS., written by a Welshman in the time of James I., gives some ground. Henry VII., for love of the Welsh, even loosened the strings of his well-nigh hermetically-sealed purse to distribute 2*l.* among them on St. David's Day; while in the account of Royal Household expenses (A.D. 1554) "Bloody Mary" figures to the extent of 15*s.* bestowed on the Yeomen of the Guard for a "leek." Although "high-born Hoel" has not vouchsafed

any inspiration on the point of origin, Welsh tradition stoutly has it that once the Saxons, with leeks in their caps in order to avoid confusion, attacked the Britons of Wales on St. David's Day; and the Britons, gaining the victory, snatched the leeks out of the caps of the vanquished and transferred them to their own as trophies. St. David, with leeks on his bands, is even said to have been present on some such occasion. It may seem barbarous, yet plausible, to think that the adoption of the leek as an emblem was simply the result of what Caxton expresses in his "Description of Wales":—

Alte meete and after eke,
Her solace is salt and leeke.

And every Welshman knows the time-honoured custom of Cymhortha, when, at the ploughing season, all make common pot-luck by providing each man his leeks. But perhaps, after all, it is a mean ambition to demolish heroics.

The wearing of the leek by English kings seems to have been a species of *noblesse oblige*, for the *Flying Post* of 1699 informs us that William III. received a leek from the hands of the Sergeant-Porter on St. David's Day; and etiquette ordained that this functionary's perquisite should consist of the clothes which his Majesty wore that day. It is needless to remark that "wearing the leek," nationality aside, became contagious, and all the courtiers affected it as religiously as the King.

We do not know if St. David would sanction "Swig Day," as his anniversary is termed at Jesus College, Oxford, where a drink called "swig," composed of spiced ale, wine, toast, &c., is dispensed out of an immense silver-gilt bowl holding ten gallons, and served by a ladle of half-a-pint capacity, presented to the college in 1732 by the then Sir Watkin Williams Wynn. Perhaps the Saint would have been better pleased with what Pepys, who by virtue of his prying habits never missed anything, describes under date of March 1st, 1666:—"In Mark Lane I do observe (it being St. David's Day) the picture of a man, dressed like a Welchman, hanging by the neck upon one of the poles that stand out at the top of one of the merchant's houses, in full proportion, and very handsomely done; which is one of the oddest sights I have seen a good while." Most of the customs of St. David's Day are, we fear, "like the Hobby-horse, forgot," and even the "Taffy" of white gingerbread, made in the shape of a Welshman riding on a goat, attached to a skewer as a convenient handle, no longer appears in the shops to tempt the Welsh child anxious to satisfy both love of country and love of sweetmeats. St. David himself certainly deserves all the veneration he has ever received, for his voracious chroniclers assert that not only did he work miracles from the moment of his birth, but, with an alien flavour of Hibernicism, they tell us that he performed them before he was born! To him, too, the health-seeker must give praise, as he is credited with endowing the Bath waters with their beneficial effects, not to speak of other transcendent merits which are expatiated upon *cor amore* in an old Latin poem entitled, "Martis Calendæ sive laudes Cambro-Britannicæ." He was, it seems, so far superior to natural laws that if, standing on low ground, he lacked a pulpit—hey, presto!—the ground rose to the requisite height; and while he preached a snow-white dove reposed reassuringly on his shoulder. With an exactness which is truly refreshing in an age of doubt, St. David has been dubbed the 18th lineal descendant of the Virgin Mary, and, since he really possessed in the flesh all the cardinal virtues, it is quite lamentable that despite his example, modern Taffy should, according to the popular jingle, be reputed a thief. His best reply to aspersers would be the "retort uncourteous," by making them "eat the leek," as Ancient Pistol was forced to do, willy-nilly, upon a momentous occasion.

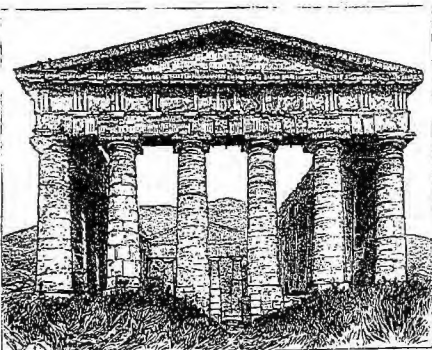
L. J. C.

ASHORE IN THE SUEZ CANAL

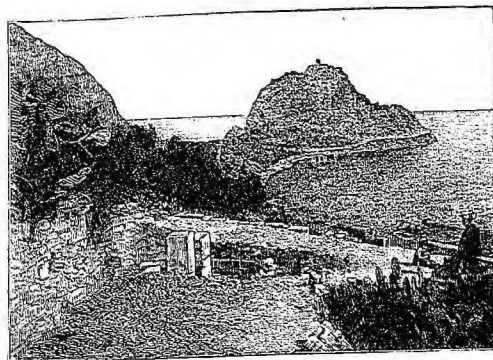
THE voyage from Aden to Suez in such weather as fell to our lot is one of dreamy delight. Leaving Aden behind, we sailed along a coast guarded by files of sentinel hills rising one above another, with boundless wealth of blue sea at their feet. There is no sign of tree or verdure, but the rocks, volcanic in origin, take on in the varying distance hues of infinite beauty. Close by Aden there is a miniature bay of pure white sand, shut out from the world in the rear by an impenetrable wall of rock; this is called "Honeymoon Bay," because, it is said, young couples getting married have been known to sail away and build them a tent here. Further out there are a constant succession of bays sufficient to meet the honeymoon necessities of a London season. We had magnificent weather and seas without a ripple till almost within sight of Suez. But the clouds had, as of old, hidden Mount Sinai as we passed. On the afternoon before we reached Suez the wind suddenly veered round, and a summer's afternoon was instantly changed into bleakest October weather, the sun still shining, but the wind piercingly cold. The Southern Cross, constant harbinger of the coming day, was left behind, not to be seen again on this particular journey. The last time I saw it, midway up the Red Sea, it was shining brightly in the southern heavens, whilst to the eastward, both sea and sky were suffused with the rosy tints of the coming sun, and in the west the moon and its attendant court of stars and planets shone out as brightly as if the sky were their unquestioned empire, and there was no such thing as day.

On the fifth morning after leaving Aden we awoke to find ourselves anchored at Suez. Two miles away, on the left, lay the town, its white-walled houses shining fair in the morning light, though I believe it is the cleanliness and beauty of a whitened sepulchre. We got a nearer view of Suez as we entered the Canal, and saw the long procession of mules travelling to and fro along the narrow causeway raised above the swampy level, and connecting the town with the port. The French genius of the place breaks out in a little *café* fronting the entrance to the Canal, where doubtless *petits verres* are to be had, after which refreshment the pleased resident may stroll along a forlorn boulevard, bordered here and there with stunted funeral cypress. At Suez, in accordance with the regulations of the Company, we took on board a pilot—a stout middle-aged Italian, who knew as much of English as our captain did of the language of Dante, that is to say, nothing. The necessity of engaging a pilot to take a steamer through the Canal is analogous to that which exists for compelling the commander of a flat to ship a pilot on entering the metropolitan boundary of the Regent's Canal. What is wanted is a steady hand on the tiller, and an eye that can follow a straight line. It might even be supposed that a pilot, in addition to the heavy impost exacted for his service, is undesirable, since a quartermaster accustomed to steer the ship would do it better if left alone. However it may be, our pilot within an hour of taking command ran us ashore, in broad daylight, in a straight cut of the Canal, with not a breath of wind stirring, and with no one on board having a command of the Italian language sufficiently fluent to let him know what we thought of him. The *Nepaul*, after unaccountably wobbling to the port and starboard, finally selected the left bank, and with gentle gliding motion ran on to it, her bows rising three feet in the air. The engines were already reversed, and the screw plunged and hissed through the water in the effort to withdraw the bows. But the bank held like a vice, and the only result was that the stern swung over, grounded on the opposite bank, and the screw was useless. This was a pretty interruption of a prosperous voyage, lying like a log athwart the Canal, with the pilot aimlessly trotting up and down the bridge, and no one on board able to speak Italian.

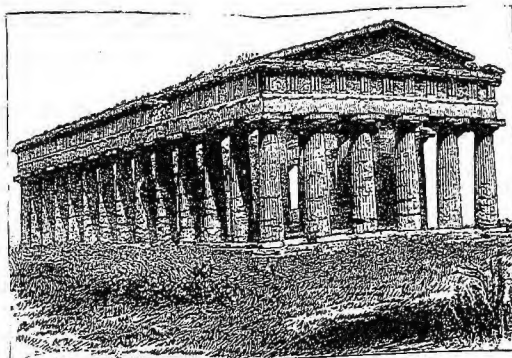
All along the Canal bank, on both sides, posts have been driven for use in contingencies of this kind. Captain Wyatt, leaving the



TEMPLE AT SEGESTA



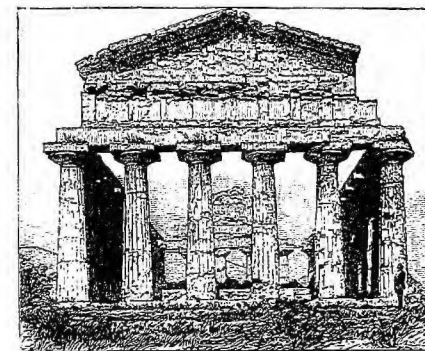
SOLUNTO—CAPO ZAFFERANO



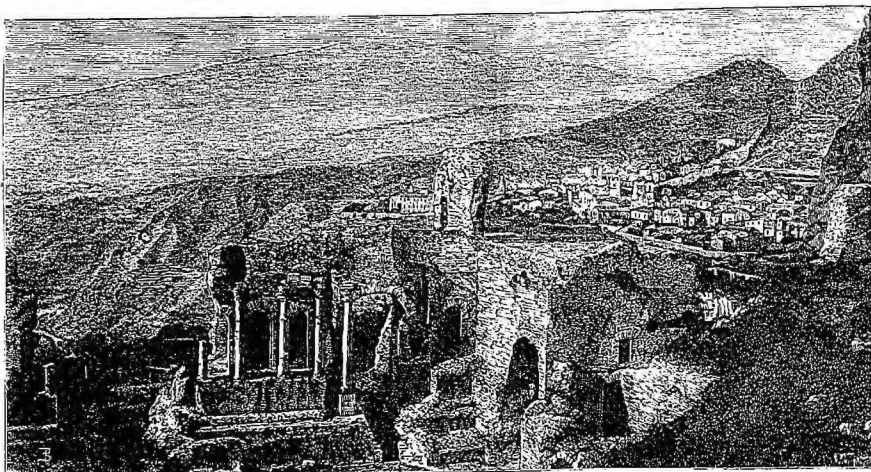
TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE AT PÆSTUM



THE RUINS AT SELINUNTE



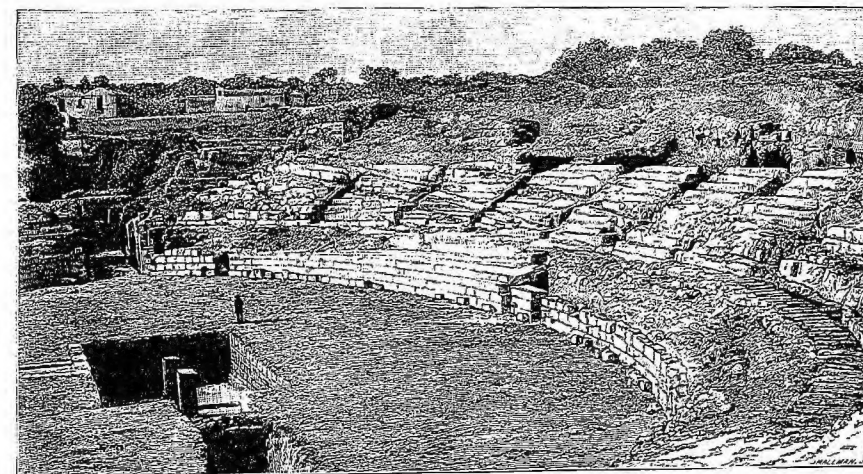
TEMPLE OF CERES AT PÆSTUM



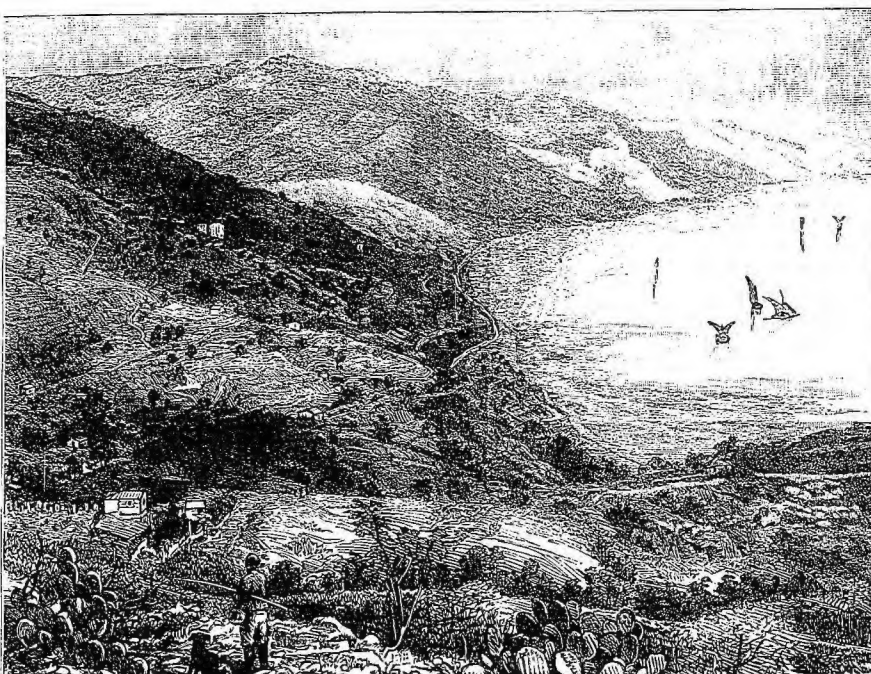
GREEK THEATRE, TAORMINA



SICILIAN PEASANTRY



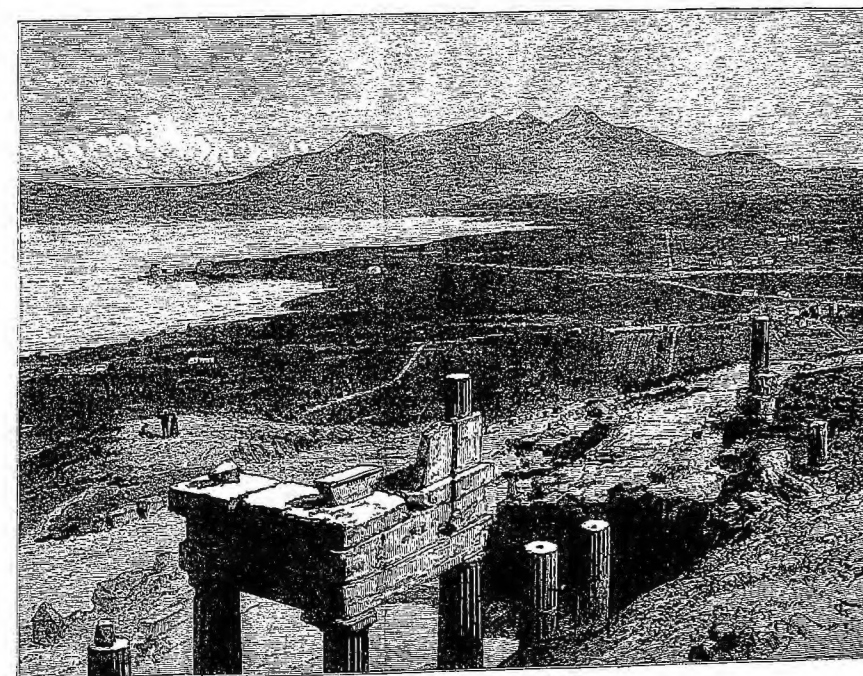
AMPHITHEATRE AT SYRACUSE



VIEW OF THE BAY FROM THE THEATRE AT TAORMINA



SOLUNTO: LOOKING TOWARDS THE TEMPLE



SOLUNTO: LOOKING TOWARDS THE BAY

pilot to his own reflections, promptly had steel hawsers attached to these posts, the steam winch was got to work, and an effort was made to slew the stern round so that the screw could be freed. After a few moments' straining the hawser parted, the riven end wriggling along the deck like a snake that had been cut in two. Fortunately no one was near, and no one hurt. Another steel hawser was got out at the stern, a second one at the bows, and a united effort made to pull the ship straight. To this end all the ship's company, including the stewards and barber, were mustered aft, and the process of "rolling" essayed. This is a simple process much enjoyed by the crew. Everybody gathers at one side of the quarter-deck, and at a signal given by the steam whistle they run over to the other side, the object being to loosen the vessel in its sandy bed, and so ease the work of the cables still straining fore and aft. At Suez we had had put on board, in addition to the pilot, a representative of the Egyptian Government charged with the mission of seeing that the quarantine regulations under which we sailed were not broken. To that end, as soon as we had got under weigh, he stretched himself out on one of the benches and went to sleep. He was awakened by the shock of the grounding, and evidently regarded the incident as a personal matter, depriving him of his sleep. I wanted him to join in the rolling exercise, but he resolutely declined, whilst making my advances the basis of an acquaintance, subsequent developments of which consisted of his asking me for cigars. He was a poor, dirty, disreputable-looking fellow, whose pitiful wages were probably in arrears. He slept most of the way through the Canal, and faded out of sight at Port Said, as it were in an earthquake. A boat came alongside with the P. and O. agent in charge of a quarantine officer, but whether to prevent the agent catching cholera from us, or whether to deliver us from the danger of contagion by touch of a resident in Port Said, is a nice question left unsolved. Our quarantine man leaning over the bulwark engaged in conversation so loudly with his colleague in the boat, that after various remonstrances the captain, looking up from the companion-ladder, said, "Take that fellow away." Instantly the Quartermaster, a giant, with face simple and kindly as a child's, had the representative of the Egyptian Government by the throat, whisked him across the quarter deck, and with a parting kick sent him whizzing round the captain's cabin, and for aught I know into space. I never saw him any more. As for the quartermaster, he resumed his position at the head of the companion way, looking gentler and more childlike than ever. I fancy he had been yearning all through the passage to kick this lazy, frowsy Egyptian, and was glad when the time came.

For half an hour the ship's company ran to and fro, to their huge enjoyment. Then the second wire cable broke, fortunately in an interval of breathing time. It was evident we were in bad case. Nothing more could be done, and a telegram was despatched for a tug. At dusk it arrived, and a Manila cable of prodigious size was fastened stern on. But it was now low water, and night was falling. A jackal came to the edge of the bank, looked at us, and trotted off, as if it were no business of his. A flock of black ibis rose up from the desert, spread out in single file, curled like the lash of a Titanic whip. They circled slowly round the ship, and passed away out of sight. The sun went down in a cloudless, lurid sky, and we were left alone, shut up between two sandbanks. The tide would be near flow at one in the morning, and the crew turned in early, to be piped up half an hour after midnight, when the silence of the desert was broken by the tramp of men as they ran from side to side. The tug puffed, and hauled astern. The steam winch strained at the cables fore and aft. Half a hundred men ran from side to side, but still the great ship lay steadfast in her bed of mud, and to move her seemed hopeless. Once more the task was given up. The only hope now was to lighten the ship, and telegrams were despatched for men and lighters. The prospect was not a pleasant one. Ships aground as we were had been known to stick for five days, till half the cargo was out. We were going to breakfast with gloomy hearts when it was suddenly discovered that, without apparent effort, when operations were suspended except for the puffing tug, the stern had slewed round into deep water. The welcome vibration of the screw was felt again; the tug puffed more frantically than ever; the cable over the bow strained between winch and post; in ten minutes the steamer slowly moved astern, and we were again afloat, after twenty-one hours' detention. It was proposed, amid acclamation, to put the pilot on board the tug, or ship him in one of the lighters for Suez. But that would have been against the law of the land; so he was quietly ignored, and the vessel safely steered to Ismailia. Here we made the pleasant discovery that practically no time had been lost by our misadventure. If we had not been aground at the entrance to the Canal we should have been at anchor in Lake Timseh. Another steamer had not only grounded, but sunk, a hundred yards up the Canal after passing Ismailia, and Lake Timseh was crowded with steamers awaiting the removal of the block. We fortuitously arrived at the end of two days' detention, and early the next morning were able to proceed, leading a fleet of splendid steamers, and passing at successive *gates* groups bound East, moored till the line was clear. Our journey lay all day through a narrow ditch, with the spoil bank rising at either side, for the most part shutting off all view of the desert. At places the Canal is so narrow that, as we crept along, the melancholy sand-laden mimosa that fringes the banks almost brushed the side of the ship. Nearing Port Said the view widened. The waters of the Mediterranean began to creep over the low lands. Away to the left we saw what seemed far-reaching white rocks surrounded by a quiet pool of water. As we drew nearer we discovered that this was an innumerable flock of flamingoes, standing knee-deep in the water. At the firing of a gun the flock rose like a great white cloud, changing to pink as, mounting higher, the plumage under their wings came into view.

We found Port Said crowded for the same reason that gathered a fleet at anchor at Ismailia. The block in the Canal had thrown out of gear the traffic of two worlds, and at least twenty-four hours must elapse before the tangled skein could be unravelled. The yellow flag at our mast-head indicated our condition of quarantine, an absurd and vexatious regulation from which it is not easy to see who gets the benefit. We had a clean bill of health, and were thirteen days out from Bombay, where there was rather less cholera than on the average throughout the year. But even if we had left a town tainted to the water's edge we were safe company, as the seeds of cholera do not wait thirteen days for their generation. Nevertheless, the condition of isolation was maintained with ludicrous strictness. Letters and newspapers for the passengers were gravely handed over with a pair of tongs. Letters and documents from the ship were taken up with the tongs, put in a tin box, and carried off at arms' length to be fumigated before being handled. The passengers were condemned to remain on board for twenty-four hours during coaling, and Port Said lost the sum of money which they would have spent had they been allowed to go on shore. To complete the comedy Malta put Egypt in quarantine, and rather than run the risk of further annoyance and delay it was decided to steam straight home for Plymouth, thus losing for Malta the considerable profits of a call from a P. and O. steamer.

HENRY W. LUCY



"ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY" (Fisher Unwin) is rather out of date as a political seer. The march of events, confirming some of the more important of his prophecies, has made others useless. But the story of his wanderings, far more wonderful than a romance, will never grow old. It is as interesting now as it was more than twenty years ago, when the Hungarian Academy sent him, its young corresponding member, nothing loth, across Central Asia with a Latin letter addressed "to all Sultans, Khans, and Begs of the Tartars," and the magnificent sum of six hundred florins for journey money. We are heartily glad that his life and adventures are now published as a whole. Part everybody knew before; but now we know thoroughly not only what Vambéry accomplished, but over what obstacles his tact and energy, as well as his marvellous linguistic power, enabled him to triumph. To us the record of his early struggles—his boyhood's deep poverty; his teaching ambitious cookmaids to read and write while he was getting the Latin prizes at the Pressburg Gymnasium; his experiences on the steamer to Constantinople, quoting Tasso for a dinner and the *Henriade* for leave to walk on the after-deck; and, above all, his life in a Turkish household—is more interesting than even his interviews with those awful potentates the Khan of Khiva and the Emir of Bokhara. The Turks are the pleasantest people in the world for a poor scholar to live amongst. They have not a trace of *morgue*, and alone of all Europeans act out the equality which so many Westerners profess. True, Vambéry, being a Magyar, was a kinsman; and, moreover, they had great hopes of making a convert of him; but still the Turk at home is clearly a kindly gentleman. Abroad, our author paints him in colours dark enough to satisfy Mr. Gladstone. At an Armenian village he asked: "Why not complain to the Governor?" (of the constant outrages of the Kurds). "Because he is in league with them. We have no hope but in God, and His representative on earth, the Russian Tsar"—"and the poor people were quite right," is Vambéry's comment. But mankind everywhere is full of contradictions; the Turcomans, whose life is spent in carrying off Persians into cruel slavery, are so tender-hearted that, when Vambéry was bitten in the toe by a scorpion, a party of them sat up with him, bandaging the foot, and sucking the wound. Vambéry's get-up as a dervish was perfect, and he spoke Eastern Turkish so well, that all through his return journey nobody would believe he belonged to Constantinople; "No, no; you're a Bokhariot," was the answer to his protests. On his way out, on the contrary, Persian villagers were sometimes shrewd enough to find him out. He, knowing Persian, heard them talking; but they never dreamed of betraying him. Their Shi-ite hatred of the Sunnite Turcomans, with whom he was travelling, made them rejoice to think that the heretics were being bamboozled. Yakub Khan, too, then a boy of sixteen, whom he saw at Herat on his way back, said: "You're an Englishman," but he was able to brave it out chiefly by his uncompromisingly dervish-like behaviour—his pushing out the fat Vizio, for instance, and sitting down in his place next the Khan. The closing chapters tell how the returned wanderer was made a lion in London and Paris, and didn't at all like it. He winds up with a *résumé* of his political views, and again urges the need of a sound Asiatic "buffer" between ourselves and Russia; but no one who reads his account of the ghastly horrors wreaked on prisoners in Khiva can regret its annexation. There is the least possible amount of politics, however, in this volume, though Vambéry reminds us that he (the Hungarian patriot) is a staunch Conservative, and looks on the Ibert Bill as disastrous. It is a book for all, young and old, who delight in adventure. Boys will devour it from beginning to end, shuddering at the "caravan of the dead," roaring with laughter at the way in which the sham mollah insisted on converting the Swedish doctor at Shiraz.

If our notice of "Personal Reminiscences of General Skobeleff" (Allen and Co.) is briefer than that of Vambéry, it is simply owing to want of space; for the subject is of abounding interest, and M. Nemirovitch Dantchenko was the general's intimate friend. We can follow "the white general" from his career of debt and eccentricity at the University, through his campaigns under Kaufmann (and with M'Gahan) at Khiva, and by and by at Khokand; through the trenches at Plevna, where first his Napoleonic power of inspiring devotion in his men had full play; across the Balkans; and afterwards at Geok Tepé, rather too near Merv for our peace of mind. Naturally he was disgusted when diplomacy baffled the Russians with a Convention. Skobeleff hated the Germans; his first tutor, a German, ill-treated him and snubbed Russia. He went in strongly for Pan-Slavism; and, like some other famous generals, was a dandy. Mr. Brayley Hodgetts deserves hearty thanks for bringing such a life so clearly before the British public.

Local celebrities are apt to be overrated; but we do not think his friends have erred in putting forth an enlarged edition of Mr. R. W. Procter's "Barber's Shop" (Heywood, Manchester; Simpkin, Marshall, London). There is plenty of thought and originality in these papers. That on "Hayes and Arkwright" shows how much luck has to do with the success of inventors. Hayes of Leigh, weaver, invented the spinning jenny, christening it after his daughter, Lewis Paul's earlier attempts having been failures. But it was reserved for Hargreaves to re-introduce the machine which Hayes had abandoned; and barber Arkwright's yet complete success was due to his getting hold of the clockmaker, Kay, who had made wheels, models, &c., for Hayes. Mr. Procter notes that, despite the proverb, death is not a universal leveller. Arkwright has a grand tomb in Crompton Churchyard. Hayes in Salford, Hargreaves in Nottingham, lie in nameless graves. Mr. Procter's book is not all about barbers, though it introduces us to Jasmin the poet, to Day (of Day and Martin's firm), to the barber in Fleet Street who charged 3s. 15s. for a headdress for General Washington's wife, to the man who cut the Marquis of Courzi's throat while shaving him, went off to Martinique, came back, and was guillotined twenty-nine years after the murder, and to other tonsorial celebrities. He has a chapter on bearded women and another on remarkable beards. His memoir by Mr. W. Axon, and Mr. Morton's illustrations, add piquancy to the volume.

Not long ago we called attention to Mr. Rusden's exhaustive "History of Australia." Mr. J. Wrathall Bull's "Early Experiences of Life in South Australia" (Wigg, Adelaide; Sampson Low, London) should be read in connection with Mr. Rusden's earlier chapters. South Australia is just fifty years old, the committee which presided over its birth having included such names as Charles Buller, William Clay, Sir W. Molesworth, and George Grote; but the squatting in Kangaroo Island from 1819 onwards, the relations with the natives, the notices of the preachers, official and amateur, the careers of bushrangers, the massacres and counter massacres, are deeply interesting though not always edifying reading. There is a very good account of Stuart's exploring expedition, with diary. The book wants an index; in all other respects it is a very creditable sample of colonial work.

In "Modern Horsemanship, a New Method," (Douglas, Edinburgh) Mr. E. L. Anderson, an American, already well known from "How to Ride," "The Gallop," &c., illustrates his method with "pictures from the life;" i.e., instantaneous

photographs taken by Mr. A. Nicol. These represent the demi-volte, the piaffer, the Spanish trot, &c. Of Mr. Anderson's experiences with the clumsy-looking horse Alidor the *Times* last June said:—"Alidor's movements are as different from those of the farmer's gig-horse that he would have been, had not fate marked him out to receive a higher education, as the movements of a well-drilled gymnast and dancer are from those of a lumpish country lout;" and certainly Mr. Anderson commanded from his horse as complete obedience as if he had studied under Rarey. School-riding is strangely neglected in England; most of us are content to ride as Molière's M. Jourdain talked prose all his life without knowing it. We lose a good deal by this; and a study of Mr. Anderson's book will enable us to repair the loss.

Mr. A. St. Johnston's "Camping Among Cannibals" (Macmillan) is more after the "Typee and Omoo," or the "Earl and Doctor" style than Miss Gordon Cumming's or other holiday visitors' journals. He saw behind the scenes; and a good deal that he saw was very curious. Our conclusion, after reading his book, is much the same as his own—that it is a thousand pities these Samoans and Fijians and Tongans could not be left to themselves to develop in their own way, instead of being "settled upon, civilised, and extinguished." The world will be distinctly poorer when the brown Polynesians are edged out of it. We also hold with him that the missionaries were not only very foolish in forbidding the making of *tappa* (native cloth), and insisting on everbody in Tonga wearing calico pinafore or trousers, but also very self-seeking, inasmuch as the calico could only be bought at their store. Mr. Johnston says that a missionary actually took a bribe from the German traders, and received a decoration from the German Government, for passing a rule that every woman must leave off dressing her bare head with Gardenia or Hibiscus, and wear a hat or bonnet trimmed with feathers or artificial flowers, like an English factory hand. Mr. Johnston saw something of "blackbirders;" he found that native opinion in Samoa was strongly against German annexation, the Germans (well-known as landowners) being held to be cruel and mean; he heard much about old Fijian customs, and discovered that cannibalism is not wholly extinct, which fact, perhaps, gives him an excuse for his uncanny title. We are glad to learn that the Fijian women, despite their very scanty dress, are strictly modest. Altogether, the book tells old facts in a freshly interesting manner, and adds much about Polynesia which has never been told before.

Along with Part V. of the Rev. J. Stormonth's "Dictionary of the English Language" (Blackwood), which takes us half-way through "L," we have received the first part of the "New English Dictionary, on Historical Principles" (Oxford: Clarendon Press; London: Henry Frowde). The two are in striking contrast, the latter just supplying the want which we have several times pointed out in other dictionaries besides that of Mr. Stormonth. This new dictionary is, in fact, the long-promised work, based on materials collected by the Philological Society, and intended to do for the modern England what the "Dictionary of the Academy" did for the France of the Classical school. The task was, as some of us remember, begun in 1851, at the suggestion of the present Archbishop of Dublin. Several of the joint-editors—among them Mr. Herbert Coleridge and Dr. Guest—have passed away; and now the work appears under the editorship of Dr. James Murray, aided by Mr. F. J. Furnivall, Mr. Hucks Gibbs, Mr. Fitz-edward Hall, and a whole army of specialists. This array of names should ensure far more completeness than even M. Littré could give to his truly wonderful book. We may note that among such rare old words as "adulatrix" (used by Huloet in 1572), and "adusted" (an epithet applied by Venner, 1620, to red-herrings as food, and by Bale, 1550, to his enemies' consciences), we have "Aduillamite," the well-known House of Commons' slang of yesterday. Into eight pages of "General Explanations" Dr. Murray manages to condense a very lucid account of his plan and its details.

To those wishing to excel in China painting, the small work, "All about Painting on China," by Mrs. Conyers Morrell (Kennedy and Brown, 17, Oxford Street, W.), can be recommended as a material help to the beginner. It contains full instructions as to mixing colours, especially flesh tints, what to avoid before and after the various firings; and, although not presuming to impart the art without the assistance of a teacher, yet giving complete directions, in a series of lessons, for the painting of heads, drapery, birds, clouds, landscapes, flowers, and insects.

A useful little book, entitled "Directions for Knitting Socks and Stockings," by Mrs. Lewis (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), contains all it professes to teach, together with a scale of measurement for knitting different sizes of hose. A few hints are also given as to wools and cottons, and the art of marking well in coloured threads.

From Messrs. Macniven and Wallace, of Edinburgh, we have received three darling little volumes (as young ladies would call them) of a series entitled "The Jewel Poets," respectively comprising selections from the works of George Herbert, Henry Vaughan (a seventeenth-century poet who deserves to be better known), and William Blake (*Pictor Ignotus*). Advice to young men: These tiny books will fit into your waistcoat-pockets. Take one of them with you into the railway carriage, as an occasional substitute for the eternal newspaper.

Of historical works for children "Aunt Charlotte's Stories of American History," by Charlotte M. Yonge and H. Hastings Weld, D.D. (Marcus Ward), is a readable *résumé* of the history of the New World, of which, by the way, even well-educated grown-up people are profoundly ignorant. We heartily recommend this little book to the notice of parents.—Next there is "Old England's Story," written in little words for little children, by "Brenda" (Hatchards). It is illustrated by Mr. Sydney Hall, and will be a useful work for the nursery schoolroom.—Turning to text-books for the elders, Messrs. Sampson Low have published a good collection of practical and inexpensive receipts in the "Home Kitchen," by Marion Harland. In this British housekeepers will gather many useful hints from American dishes, but though many of the receipts can be carried out from tinned fish and meats and vegetables from across the Atlantic, we fancy that some delicacies, such, for instance, as clam chowder, will be beyond the power of a British cook.—Paterfamilias will find much useful help in time of need in Dr. Charles Robert Fleury's "Modern Household Medicine," of which we have received the second edition from Messrs. E. Gould and Son.—In another field, also, he will glean much information from "The Philosophy of Whist," by William Pole, Mus. Doc., Oxon (De La Rue and Co.). In this the author does not wish to come into competition with "Cavendish" and Clay, but "only aims at presenting what is already known under a new aspect, which may, the author believes, bring out the character and merits of the modern game more prominently, and give it a higher reputation." The various combinations and calculations will doubtless be received with great interest by whist players.—Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co. send us four little works: "Picquet and Cribbage," "Norseman," a new game with cards and dice, "Games for Three Players," and "Round Games at Cards," by "Aquarius." In the last-named is included that capital but little-known game, "Cassino."

A concise statement, intended for general reading, of the law relating to shareholders, and of the rights and responsibilities of shareholders, has been issued by Messrs. Clowes and Sons. It is from the pen of Mr. Alfred Emden, of the Inner Temple, author of other well-known books on Company Law, and it contains, in language divested of legal terminology, every legal detail necessary for the shareholder to know.

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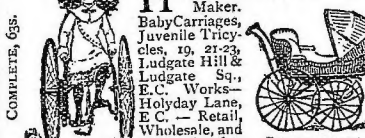
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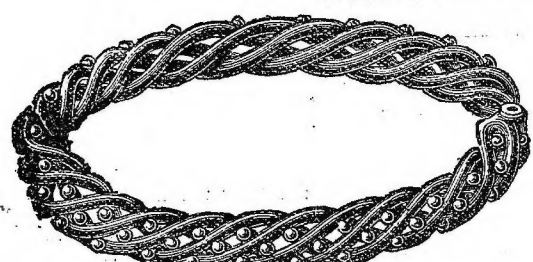
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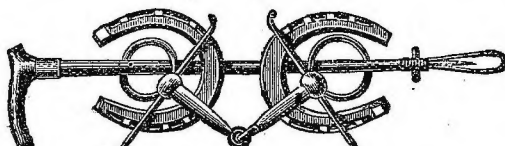
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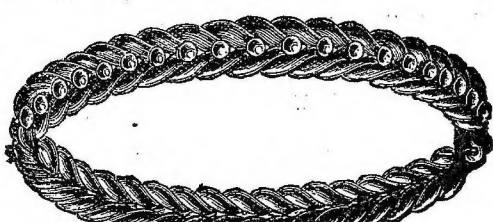
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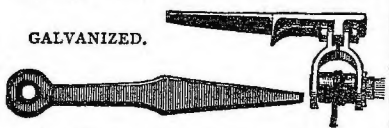
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